Scarronnides:

so call'd, it being an Imitation of Mr. Scarron who first attempted it in French Burlesque

OR,

VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

A Mock-Poem,

On the

FIRST and FOURTH BOOKS

OF

VIRGILS ÆNÆIS

in *English*; *Burlesque.*

Charles Cotton

Non minimum est insignitèr ineptire.

PLIN. EP.

LONDON, Printed by *E. Cotes* for *Henry Brome* in *Little Britain*. M. DC. LXVII.

Imprimatur,

Roger L'eſtrange.

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821
C818a
1667

To the READER.

THE Reader is desired for the better comparing of the Latine *and* English *together, to read on forward unto the ensuing Letter of Direction, before he compare the former with the Original.*

1032507

VIRGILE

Travestie.

(a) I *Sing the man,* (read it who liſt,
A *Trojan* true as ever piſt)
(b) Who from *Troy Town,* by wind and weather
To *Italy,* (and God knows whither)
Was packt, and wrackt, and loſt, and toſt,
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Poſt.
(c) Long wandred he through thick and thin;
Half roaſted now; now wet to th' skin;
By Sea and Land; by Day and Night;
(d) Forc'd (as 'tis ſaid) by the God's ſpite:
Although the wiſer ſort ſuppoſe
(e) 'Twas by an old Grudge of *Juno's,*
A Murrain curry all Curſt Wives!
He needs muſt go, the Devil drives.
(f) Much ſuffer'd he likewiſe in War,
Many dry blows, and many a ſcar:

(a) *Arma virumq; cano,* (b) Trojæ *qui primus ab oris*
Italiam *fato profugus,* Lavinaque *venit*
Littora (c) *multum ille & terris jactatus & alto*
(d) *Vi Superum,*———
———(e) *ſævæ memorem* Junonis *ob iram*
(f) *Multa quoque & bello paſſus, dum conderet urbem*

Many a Rap, and much ado
At Quarter-ſtaff, and Cudgels too,
Before he could be quiet for 'um:
(Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'um)
But this ſame Yonker at the laſt,
(All Brawls and Squabbles over-paſt)
And all theſe Rake-hells over-come,
(g) Did build a pretty *Grange* call'd *Rome*
(i) But oh my Muſe! put me in mind,
To which o'th' Gods was he unkind?
(k) Or what the Plague did *Juno* mean,
(That croſs-grain'd, peeviſh, ſcolding Quean,
That ſcratching, cater-wawling Puſs)
(l) To uſe an Honeſt Fellow thus?
(To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)
(m) Have Goddeſſes no better manners?
(n) A little Town there was of Old,
Thatcht with good Straw to keep out Cold,
Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)
Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd;
(o) The luſtieſt Carles all thereabouts,
Rich Chuffs, and very ſturdy Louts.

(g) *atque altæ mœnia Romæ.*
(i) *Muſa mihi cauſas memora; quo Numine læſo:*
(k) *Quidve dolens Regina Deum,* (l) *tot volvere caſus*
Inſignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
Impulerit? (m) *tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?*
(n) *Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere Coloni,*
Carthago.
(o) *ſtudiis aſperrima belli;*

(n) Now

(p) Now this ſame *Carthage* you muſt know,
Juno did love out of all *whoe:*
There are alive that yet will ſwear it,
No Village like it, no place near it:
(q) Except a place (forſooth) that's famous
For her own Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos*;
Here ſhe her Trinkets kept, and odd things,
Her Needles, Poking-ſticks, and Bodkins;
And here, (in houſe which her own Key locks)
(r) She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.
This place then mainly pleas'd her humor:
(s) But ſhe had heard a ſcurvy rumor;
That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of Chamlet,
Should one day overthrow her Hamlet:
Plunder her Cheſts, Joynt-ſtools and Tables,
And burn her Cow-houſes and Stables.
(t) She fearful of this ſad Prediction,
(Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)
(u) And mindful of her injur'd Honour,
When *Paris* gave the Apple from her;

(p) *Quam* Juno *fertur terris magis omnibus unam*
(q) *Poſthabitâ coluiſſe* Samo; (r) *hîc illius arma,*
Hîc currus fuit;
(s) *Progeniem ſed enim* Trojano *à ſanguine duci*
Audierat, Tyrias *olim quæ verteret arces.*
(t) *Id metuens,*
(u) *Necdum etiam cauſæ irarum, ſævique dolores*
Exciderant animo; manet altâ mente repoſtum
Judicium Paridis———

Did

Did many years bend her devotion,
To drown *Æneas* on the Ocean;
And many a ſlippery trick ſhe play'd him,
Till *Jove* at laſt o're Sea convey'd him;
(w) So hard it is, where an old Grutch is,
To get out of a Womans Clutches.
Æneas had not been o'th water
Above an hour, or ſuch a matter;
Nor further row'd, then we may rate
'Twixt *Parſons-Dock* and *Billingſgate*,
Or ſay betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,
(x) When *Juno* (full of her old Malice)
Thus with her ſelf began to mutter,
Cannot I drown theſe Crows i'th' Gutter?
Muſt they go on fearing no Colours?
And cannot I ſquander their Scullers?
Muſt theſe ſame *Trojan* Raſcals noſe me,
(y) Becauſe the *Fates* (forſooth) oppoſe me?
(z) *Pallas* could burn Wherries, and Gallies,
And clatter *Mortals* Bones like Tallies:
(a) But I, *Jove*'s *Siſter*, and his *Wife*,
Can do no Miſchief for my life.

(w) *Tantæ molis erat* Romanam *condere gentem*
Vix è conſpectu Siculæ *telluris in altum*
Vela dabant læti, & ſpumas ſalis ære ruebant:
(x) *Cum* Juno *æternum ſervans ſub pectore vulnus*,
Hæc ſecum: Mene incepto deſiſtere victam?
(y) *Quippe vetor* fatis! (z) Pallaſne *exurere claſſem*
Argivum *potuit*? ——— ———
(a) *Aſt ego, quæ Divûm incedo Regina*, Joviſque
Et Soror, & Conjux, unâ cum gente tot annos
Bella gero ——— ———

(b) *Juno*

(b) *Juno* enrag'd, and fretting thus,
(c) Runs me unto one *Æolus*:
This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,
Could backward blow like a Smiths Bellows;
A Day, a Week, a Moneth together,
And by his farting, make foul weather:
Blow Men, and Trees, and Houſes down:
Great Ships, and almoſt Fiſhes drown.
He was, in fine, the loud'ſt of Farters:
Yet could command his hinder quarters,
Correct his Tail, and only blow,
If there occaſion were, or ſo:
(d) Whom *Jove* obſerving to be ſo ſtern,
In the wiſe conduct of his Poſtern,
He made him King of all the Puffers,
Which he (becauſe he knew them Huffers)
Durſt nowhere venture, I muſt tell ye,
But in the Caverns of his Belly:
Which having but one Poſtern Gate
For theſe mad Boys to ſally at,
He might the faſter peg them in,
And by the plucking out a Pin,
Then (at his eaſe) *Arſing* about,
To any Quarter, let them out.

(b) *Talia flammato ſecum Dea corde volutans,*
(c) Æoliam *venit: hîc vaſto rex* Æolus *antro*
Luctanteis ventos tempeſtateſque ſonoras
Imperio premit,——
(d) *Sed Pater omnipotens*——
——*regemque dedit, qui fœdere certo*
Et premere, & laxas ſciret dare juſſus habenas.

(e) To

(e) To this ſame King, Queen *Juno* poſted,
And thus in flatt'ring Terms accoſted.
(f) Thou mighty King, whoſe potent ſway
The Lawleſs *Blaſt'rers* do obey;
Whoſe nod the ſtubborn'ſt winds do dread;
(Even although in *Scotland* bred.)
Thou, whoſe unruly Empire reaches
As far as the wide Compaſs ſtretches,
Hear a poor Queens Requeſt, and ſay
Thou'lt do't; for I muſt have no Nay!
(g) There are a few Tatter-de-malions
That (with a *pox*) would be *Italians*,
And into *Latium* now are going,
With Oars, and Skulls, tugging, and rowing:
A Crew of drunken roaring Ruffins,
Lewd, wandring, ſturdy Ragamuffins;
Raſcals, I hate, as I do Garlick,
And yet the Rogues are ſtout and warlike:
(h) If therefore, thou wilt ſmoak theſe Royſters
And ſowſe them all, like pickled Oyſters,

(e) *Ad quem tum* Juno *ſupplex his vocibus uſa eſt:*
(f) Æole (*namque tibi Divum pater atque hominum Rex*
Et mulcere dedit fluctus & tollere ventos)
(g) *Gens inimica mihi* Tyrrheum *navigat æquor,*
Ilium *in* Italiam *portans,* ——— ———
(h) *Incute vim ventis, ſubmerſaſque obrue puppes,*
Aut age diverſas, & diſjice corpora ponto.
Sunt mihi bis ſeptem præſtanti corpore Nymphæ:
Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, Deiopeiam
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo:

Ther:

There is a pretty Ma'd of Mine,
Called *Die*, ſhall be thy Concubine.
Æolus hearkned to this Story,
With no ſmall Pride, no little Glory;
To have a Queen, ſo gay and trim,
Come to requeſt a Boon of him!
But th' *Wench*, i'th' tail of the Preamble,
Oh that! That made his Bowels wamble.
(And Wind you know (under Correction)
Is a main Cauſer of Ejection)
He, liſtning ſtood, wrigling, and ſcraping,
But durſt not bow, for fear of ſcaping;
Until at laſt, with Cap in hand Sir,
(i) He thus return'd with modeſt Anſwer.
O Queen (quoth he) my thanks are real,
That you will uſe your Servant *Æol*:
And ſhould I not pay your Civility,
To th' utmoſt of my poor Ability,
Who are great *Joves* Siſter and Wife,
It were e'ne pity of my Life.
I'll play theſe Rake-hells ſuch a Hunts up,
Shall make them glad to turn their Rumps up:
Say you no more, the Thing is done;
I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mothers Son.
But ſince your Grace is nice of ſmelling,
I wiſh you were at your own dwelling;

(i) Æolus *hæc contra: Tuus ô Regina quod optes*
Explorare labor: mihi juſſa capeſſere fas eſt.
Tu mihi quodcunque hoc regni, tu ſceptra jovemq;
Concilias——

There's

There's Reaſon for't (ſaving your favour)
For truly (Madam) I ſhall favour.
But I beſeech your Grace, in no wiſe
Forget the *Woman*, that you promiſe.
Juno at that, away does goe
As ſwift as Arrow out of Bow,
And in leſs while, then I am ſpeaking,
Was got as high, as top of * *Reking*:
No bigger now then School-boys Kite,
And now clean vaniſht out of ſight.
Æol, who all this while ſtood gaping,
At her fine Peacocks gawdy-trapping,
Seeing her Mount *Olympus* ſtair-caſe,
Began t'untruſs to eaſe his Carcaſe.
Twice belch't he loud from lungs of leather,
To call his roaring Troops together:
And twice (as who ſhould ſay, We come)
They roar'd i'th concave of his Womb:
(k) With that he turns his Buttock Seaward,
And with a Gibing kind of Nayword;
Quoth he, Blind Harpers, have among ye;
'Tis Ten to One but I bedung ye.
At that ſame word, lifting one leg,
And pulling out his truſty peg;

* *Mons Salopienſis*

(k) *Hæc ubi dicta, cavum converſa cuſpide montem*
Impulit in latus, ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
Incubuere mari, totumque, à ſedibus imis.

(l) He

(1) He let at once his General Muſter
Of all that ere could blow, or bluſter;
And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel
Left not one puff to cool his Gruel.
Have you not ſeen below the Sphear
A mortal drink call'd Bottle-Bear,
How, by the Tapſter when the Stopple
Is raviſh't from the teeming Bottle,
It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,
As it were troubled with the ſquitters?
Even ſo, when *Æol* pluckt the plugg
From th' Muzzle of his double Jugg,
The Winds burſt out with ſuch a rattle,
As he had broke the ſtrings that twattle.
Bounce cries the Port-hole, out they fly,
And make the World dance *Barnaby*;
Throughout the Seas, and Coaſts they wander;
One *Boreas* was their chief Commander;
A huffing Jack, a plund'ring Tearer,
A vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.
This Fellow, and his boiſt'rous Rout,
Finds Me o'th' Sea, the *Trojans* out.
Æneas, and his Wandring Mates
Were, at that time, angling for *Sprats*;

(1) *Unà* Euruſque Notuſque *ruunt, creberque procellis*
Africus, *& vaſtos volvunt ad littora fluctus.*
Inſequitur clamorque virûm, ſtridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt ſubito nubes cœlumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis, ponto nox incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther,
Præſentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.

Think-

Thinking no harm, no more then we do,
(For all was fine and fair to ſee too)
When all o'th' ſudden; who would think it!
(By this good drink, I mean to drink it!)
It grew ſo dark, that wanting light,
They could not feel the Fiſhes bite;
And ſtrait ere one could ſay, What's this?
The winds began to howl and hiſs,
And in the turning of a hand Sir,
They grew ſo big, one could not ſtand Sir.
Then followed Rain, Lightning, and Thunder,
As the whole world would fly aſunder.
Æneas, hearing the winds threatning,
* By the Lightning And * ſeeing Monſtrous Billows beating,
Knowing they purpos'd to diſpatch him,
And that the *Haddocks* watcht to catch him,
(m) Fell preſently in a cold ſweat,
So ſick he could not drink nor eat,
'Twas all the World to Twenty Pound,
He had not fall'n into a ſwound:
But by *Joves* favour being bleſt,
With Guts in's head above the reſt;
Like to a cunning Chapman, He
Made Virtue of Neceſſity;
And in the midſt of all Deſpairs,
Thought it his beſt to fall to Pray'rs;
(n) With woful heart, and blubber'd eyes,
Lifting his *Mutton fiſts* to th' skies,

(m) *Extemplo Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra:*
(n) *Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas*
Talia voce refert:

He

He therefore pray'd, O *Jupiter*,
Either hear now, or never hear;
Now, now, thy Truſty *Trojans* cheriſh,
Help now, or never, elſe we periſh.
(o) Could not *Tydides* at *Troy* Town
Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?
Nor yet the merry *Greek Achilles*,
When he kill'd luſty *Hector*, kill Theſe?
And muſt we now be ſent for Diſhes,
To Sharks, and ſuch like greedy Fiſhes?
(p) Thus went he on with his Oriſons,
Which if you mark them well *were wiſe ones*;
Now praying, now expoſtulating,
But he might e'en have held his prating;
For *Jove* if he had been more near him,
The noiſe was ſuch, could no wayes hear him:
(q) The winds grew louder ſtill and louder,
And play'd their Gambals with a Powder;
Then, then indeed began the pudder,
Here an Oar broke, and there a Rudder;
Here a Boat kicking on the Surges,
And there one ſinking in a *Gurges*:

——— (o) *ô* Danaûm *fortiſſime gentis*
Tydide, *Mene* Iliacis *occumbere campis*
Non potuiſſe, tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ?
Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector ———
(p) *Talia jactanti*, (q) *ſtridens* Aquilone *procella*
Velum adverſa ferit, fluctuſque ad ſidera tollit.
Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, & undis
Dat latus:

(r) Three Boars a Wind, call'd *Notus* Ruffels,
Upon a paltry bed of Muſſels,
(s) And there did roaring *Eurus* dable ye,
In Quick-ſand deep moſt lamentably.
(t) One Wherry that the *Lycians* carried,
And one *Orontes* never married,
Was juſt about the time of Dinner,
O're-whelm'd, and all the men within her.
Orontes, though he was confounded,
Yet very loath to be thus drowned;
Did all he could with might and main,
To have ſwom back to land again.
His skill he to the trial puts,
But could not do it for his Guts:
And therefore was ſouc't up for *Cod fiſh*;
(I doubt he prov'd but very odd-fiſh.)
(u) Now might you ſee the *Trojans* trimming
Upon the Foaming billows ſwimming:
Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers, with their Benches,
Floating amongſt the Rowling Trenches;

(r) *Tres* Notus *abreptas in ſaxa latentia torquet.*
(s) *Tres* Eurus *ab alto*
In Brevia *& Syrteis urget, (miſerabile viſu)*
(t) *Unam, quæ* Lycios, *fidumque vehebat* Orontem,
Ipſius ante oculos, ingens à vertice pontus
In puppim ferit, Excutitur, prorumque Magiſter
Volvitur in caput; Aſtillam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat æquore vortex.
(u) *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto,*
Arma virum tabulæque & Troia gaza per undas.

Hats,

Hats, Caps, and Caſſocks, Bands and Ruffs,
(Indeed I think they wore no Cuffs:)
Balk-ſtaves & Cudgels, Pikes and Truncheons,
Brown-bread & cheeſe that ſwam by luncheons,
With Treaſure paſt all Mortals matching,
That any man might have for fetching.
(w) In the mean time, this hurly-burly,
That ſtill increas'd more loud and ſurly,
Rous'd *Neptune* with the ſtrange Commotion,
Who liv'd i'th' bottom of the Ocean.
This *Neptune* was of old a Fiſher,
And to *Æneas* a well-wiſher:
'Cauſe on a time, *Venus*, that bore him,
Spoke a good word to her Father for him,
And made him for his good Conditions,
King over all his Pools, and Fiſh-ponds.
This Blade; when firſt he heard the Sea ring,
Was pickling Pilchards, Sprats, and Herring;
But at the noiſe he throws his Tray,
Fiſhes, and ſalt, and all away.
And taking up his three fork't Trout-ſpear,
(x) Hey, hey, (quoth he) what a brave rout's here.

(w) *Interea magno miſceri murmure Pontum,*
Emiſſamque Hiemem ſenſit Neptunus, *& imis*
Stagna refuſa vadis.

——— (x) *Graviter commotus, & alto*
Proſpiciens, ſummâ placidum caput extulit undâ.
Diſjectam Æneæ toto videt æquore Claſſem,
Fluctibus oppreſſos Troas *cœlique ruinâ.*
Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis *& iræ.*

Under his Arms he had two Bladders,
By which he mounted without Ladders,
And thruſting's head above the Water,
Says, What a vengeance ho's the matter?
Then ſeeing round how things were vary'd,
And how the *Trojans* had miſcarry'd;
He ſtrait began to ſmell a Rat,
And ſoon perceiv'd what they'd be at:
For he knew all *Juno*'s contriving,
And ſpite as well as any living.
Have you not ſeen upon a River
A Water-dog, that is a Diver,
Bring out his Mallard, and eſt-ſoons
Be-ſhake his ſhaggy Pantaloons?
So *Neptune* when he firſt appears,
Shakes the ſalt Liquor from his ears,
And made the Winds themſelves to doubt him,
He threw the Water ſo about him:
Vext at the Plucks to ſee this clutter,
He ſcarce could ſpeak, but ſpurt and ſputter;
(y) Till beck'ning *Zephyrus*, and *Eurus*,
He thus began in Language furious.
How durſt you Rogues take the opinion
To vapour here in my Dominion,

(y) Eurum *ad ſe* Zephyrumque *vocat, dehinc talia fatur.*
Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia veſtri,
Jam cœlum Terramque meo ſine Numine, Venti
Miſcere, & tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego: ——— *ſed motos præſtat componere Fluctus;*
Poſt mihi non ſimili pœna commiſſa luetis.

Without

Without my leave, and make a lurry,
That men cannot be quiet for ye!
Raſcals I ſhall! --But well! go too,
I now have ſomething elſe to do:
If e'r again I catch you creaking,
'Tis odds I ſpoil your Bag-pipes ſqueaking.
(z) And Sirrah, you there: Goodman **Blaſter*,
Go tell that farting Fool your Maſter,
That ſuch a whiſtling ſcab as he,
Was ne'r cut out to rule the Sea;
(a) But that it to my Empire fell;
Bid him go vapour in his Cell;
There let him puff and domineer,
But make no more ſuch foiſting here:
And for what's paſt, (if my aim miſs not)
I'll teach him fizzle in my Piſs-pot.
(c) Scarce had he bubbled out his Sentence,
But that they fled to ſhew repentance,
And he that erſt had made a din moſt,
Now cry'd, the Devil take the hindmoſt.
Even as a flock of Geeſe do flutter,
When crafty *Reynard* comes to Supper:
So nimbly flew away theſe Scoundrels,
Glad they had ſcap'd, and ſav'd their poundrels.

* Speaking to *Boreas* himſelf.

(z) *Maturate Fugam, Regique hæc dicite veſtro;*
Non illi Imperium pelagi ——— ——
(a) *Sed mihi ſorte datum. Tenet ille immania ſaxa,*
Veſtras Eure *domos. Illâ ſe jactet in Aulâ*
Æolus, & clauſo ventorum carcere regnet.
(b) *Sic ait, & dicto citius tumida æquora placat.*

(c) Now all was fair again and frolick,
The Sea no more troubled with Cholick,
The Sun ſhone bright, as on a *May-day*;
Had there been graſs, one might have made hay:
But yet ſome Boats ſtuck on the Flats,
Their men all daſht like Water-Rats;
Neptune at that his ſpeed re-doubles,
To eaſe them of their peck of Troubles:
He thruſt his *Muck-fork* in two faddom,
Betwixt the Boats and that that ſtaid 'um,
And lifted them ſhier off as clever,
As he had had a Crow or Leaver;
Now Sirs (quoth he) you may go forward,
And row Eaſt, Weſt, or South, or Norward.
If the Rogues come again, I'll ſwill 'um;
I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium*;
And you *Æneas* and your men,
If e'r you come this way again,
I hope you'l call, or I'ſt be ſorry,
I'll have a Diſh of Lobſters for ye.
Æneas who was gentle-hearted,
Scrap'd him a leg, and ſo they parted.
They take their Sculls again and ply 'um,
Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'um:
Away they cut as ſwift as Swallows,
Plowing the Sea, as men do Fallows;

(c) *Collectaſque fugat nubes, ſolemque reducit,*
Cymothoe *ſimul &* Triton *adnixus acuto*
Detrudunt naveis ſcopulo; levat ipſe Tridenti,
Et vaſtas aperit Syrtes *& temperat æquor.*

Till

Till e'r a man could well tell Ten,
Or go to th' door and back again,
(d) They all as plainly ſaw the other
Side, as we now ſee one another:
Then there old tugging was, and pulling;
Never ſuch plying and ſuch ſculling;
They whoop't and ſung gladder and gladder;
I think *March*-hares were never madder.
At laſt, all dangers notwithſtanding,
(e) They came unto a place of Landing;
A pair of Stairs they found, not Big Stairs;
Juſt ſuch another pair as *Trigg Stairs*:
Not made for Water men, but Women
That uſe to come and waſh their Linnen:
There was old ſtriving then, and thruſting,
Which with their Sculler ſhould get firſt in.
Sirs (quoth *Æneas*) ſhew ſome breeding,
Let's have no more haſte than good ſpeeding;
Have patience Gentles, I implore ye,
And let your betters go before ye.
With that they all gave place, and reaſon,
It elſe had been no leſs than Treaſon:

(d) *Quæ proxima littora curſu*
Contendunt petere.
(e) *Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus; Inſula portum*
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque ſinus ſcindit ſeſe unda reductos.

(f) Whileſt our *Æneas* at two leapings,
Set the firſt foot upon the ſteppings;
Then all the reſt came in a bundle,
As they would burſt each others Trundle:
Weary they were, the Wind had douc't 'um,
And ſo they ſate 'um down and lows'd 'um.
(g) After a while, a fellow knocks
Fire with a Steel and Tinder-box.
For each man had his Flint and Touch-wood,
The world beſides could ſhew no ſuch wood;
Then ſticks they gather, leaves and bryers,
And fall a making them good fires;
Then Skellets, Pans, and Poſnets put on
To make them Porridge without Mutton.
(h) In the mean time *Æneas* got him
Up to a Hill, to look about him,
And as he there a while ſtood gazing,
(i) He ſaw ſome ſheep below him grazing.

——————(f) Æneas *collectis navibus omni*
Ex numero ſubit; ac magno telluris amore
Egreſſi optatâ Troes *potiuntur arenâ,*
Et ſale tabentes artus in littore ponunt.
(g) *Ac primum ſilici ſcintillam excudit* Achates,
Suſcepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem *corruptam undis,* Cerealiaque *arma*
Expediunt, feſſi rerum, frugeſque receptas
Et torrere parant flammis, & frangere ſaxo.
(h) Æneas *ſcopulum interea conſcendit, & omnem*
Proſpectum latè pelago petit.
——————(i) *tres littore cervos*
Proſpicit Errantes——————

(k) Oh

(k) Oh ho (quoth he) I'll ſoon be wy'ye,
Be ſworn I'm glad at heart to ſee ye.
This ſaid, away my youth does go,
And fetches ſtrait a good Yew-Bow,
His Arrows under's Belt he ſticks too,
(For he could ſhoot at Butts and Pricks too)
His head he put a good Steel Cap on,
Becauſe he knew not what might happen:
And thus as if he went to battle,
He goes to murder poor mens Cattle.
(l) His Arrow in the ſtring he nocks,
And ſhoots among the harmleſs Flocks;
Theſe prov'd by chance to be the faireſt,
But he ſtill ſhot at that was neareſt.
(m) Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,
The other ſhots he made, were ſhort all:
Theſe to his hungry Mates he lurries,
(Pray what's his due that Mutton worries?)
(n) Here lads, quoth he, here's ſides & haunches,
Fall too, and fill your empty paunches.
Scarce had he made an end of boaſting,
(o) But ſome to boyling fell, ſome roaſting;

(k) *Conſtitit hic, Arcumque manu, celereſque ſagittas,*
(l) *Ductoreſque ipſos, primum capita alta ferentes*
Cornibus arboreis ſternit.
(m) *Nec prius abſtitit quam ſeptem ingentia victor*
Corpora fundit humi.
(n) ——— *Et ſocios partitur in omnes.*
(o) *Pars in fruſtra ſecant, veribuſque trementia figunt:*
Littore aenea locant alii, flammaſque miniſtrant.

'Twas

'Twas ſoon enough, and to't they fall,
They eat up Mutton, guts and all;
Yet ſcarce could ſatisfie their hungers;
Theſe *Trojans* were ſuch *Mutton-mongers*.
(p) There was by chance a *ſtoop* of Liquor,
Corkt up in Bottles made of Wicker,
Giv'n by my Hoſteſs, I conceive,
When firſt *Æneas* took his leave:
This drink (to make their feaſt the fuller)
Æneas fetcht out of his Sculler,
And like a man had ſomething in him,
Gave it as free as e'r 'twas gi'n him;
Himſelf a Diſh he firſt pour'd out,
For fear it would not go about;
Then ſtroaking up his whiskers greaſie,
He thus begins in words moſt eaſie.
(q) Here Lads, have at ye, and be merry,
W'are got at laſt, ſafe o're the Ferry;
And though w'ave had but angry wark, yet
Let's make the beſt of a bad market:
To day let's drink, and hang to morrow,
A grain of mirth's worth pounds of ſorrow;

(p) *Vina bonus quæ deinde cadis onerarat Aceſtes*
Littore Trinacrio, *dederatque abeuntibus, Heros*
Dividit, & dictis mœrentia pectora mulcet.
(q) *O ſocii (neque enim ignari ſumus ante malorum)*
O paſſi graviora, Dabit Deus his quoque finem:
Vos & Scyllæam *rabiem, penituſque ſonantes*
Acceſtis ſcopulos; vos & Cyclopea *ſaxa*
Experti——

(r) Be blith and jolly then, as may be,
Faint heart, you know, ne'r won fair Lady:
What though a while we fair but hardly,
Yet in the end does our reward lie:
We ſhall have Houſes, Lands, and Doxies,
With dainty patches, where no Pox is:
And then all this, that ſeems t'undo us,
Will be but ſport and paſtime to us.
(s) Thus did this ſubtle Fornicator
Set a good Face on a bad matter;
As who would make 'um underſtand
How pretty a fellow he was on's hand;
When I (for all's brave n'alls) muſt tell ye,
His Heart then panted in his Belly,
(t) Down glides his Ale over his pallat,
As glib as 't been Oyl of Sallet;
And all the reſt in their due order
Quafft till their Drink would go no further.
(u) Now having ſpent their drink and vittles,
They riſe, and wipe their greaſie *Thwittles*,

——(r) *Revocate animos, mœſtumque timorem*
Mittite; forſan & hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.
Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium, *ſedes ubi fata quietas*
Oſtendunt.
(s) *Talia voce refert; curiſque ingentibus æger,*
Spem vultu ſimulat: premit altum corde dolorem.
(t) *Implentur veteris* Bacchi, *pinguiſque ferinæ.*
(u) *Poſtquam exempta fames epulis, menſæque remota,*
Amiſſos longo ſocios ſermone requirunt.

And

And ſtreaking them began to mind 'um,
Of thoſe were left at Sea behind 'um:
With that *Æneas* made a motion
To climb the Hills, and look on th' Ocean,
If from the Cliffs, and Promontories,
They might eſpie their fellow Tories;
At that they went, ſome this, ſome that way,
Some went not farr, and ſome a great way;
Some whoopt, ſome hallow'd, and ſome ſhouted,
(x) Some thought 'um ſafe, and others doubted;
Some laid their ears to ground in cunning,
To liſt if they could hear 'um coming;
But all in vain, for none could ſpye 'um,
They feard their friends, when none was nie 'um
At laſt by General Approbation,
They lay'd 'um down, as was the faſhion,
And ſlept, being tyr'd with pains, and feaſting;
When Belly's full, Bones would be reſting.
Aſleep they lie ſnorting and ſnoring,
With ſuch a noiſe as made the ſhore ring,
Or ſuch a din as Dogs do utter,
When they by night together clutter;
Snarling and ſwearing in lewd faſhion,
For Bitch of evil Converſation:
(y) When *Jove*, who was belike at leiſure,
(Walking, or for his health, or pleaſure)

(x) *Spemque metumque inter dubii, ſeu vivere credant,*
Sive extrema pati;

(y) *cum* Jupiter *æthere ſummo*
Deſpiciens mare velivolum terraſque jacentes,
Littoraque

Look-

Looking about on ev'ry ſide him,
(z) O'th' *Lybian* Coaſts at laſt eſpy'd them,
And ſaid in merry kind of Japing,
Indeed Sirs, have I ta'ne you napping?
Scarce had he ſpoke, when all oth' ſudden,
Whileſt he was on the *Trojans* ſtud'ing;
Who ſhould come there to do her duty,
But *Venus* that was Queen of Beauty!
* This *Venus* without counterfeiting,
Was a fine Laſs on's own begetting,
Thou ne'r ſaw'ſt prettier in thy life,
Although he had her not by's Wife,
But by a Fiſh-wench he was kind to,
And ſo ſhe came in at the Window:
Now *Venus* was *Æneas'* Mother,
And him ſhe had by ſuch another
Royſter as *Jove* was, when on Groundſel
He and her Mother met in Counſel;
In the behalf then of her by-blow,
Which had endured many a dry-blow,
(a) She weeping came, ſighing and throbbing,
And hardly could ſhe ſpeak for ſobbing:
Until at laſt, with a fine Linning
Wrought round with blew, of her own ſpinning,
Wiping her face with tears and ſnivel,
She thus began in words moſt civil.

* See *Servius* upon *Virgil.*

——— (z) & Lybiæ *defixit lumina Regnis.*

(a) *Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas*
Triſtior, & lacrymis oculos ſuffuſa nitentes
Alloquitur Venus.

(b) O thou, or Gods, and men, the King,
That canſt do any kind of thing;
That paſt their wits doſt Mortals frighten,
When thou or thunder do'ſt, or lighten:
What could *Æneas* do to thee?
Who car'ſt a fart for no body;
(c) Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,
That thus they ſtill muſt Fools be made on,
And that thou wilt for no perſwaſions
Let them go follow their occaſions?
(d) I'm ſure you promis'd me, and ſwore it,
(Ev'n let who can forgive you for it)
That you would make 'um, This, and That,
Kings, Captains, and I know not what;
And that out of your Bounteous Givings,
They ſhould have all both Lands, and Livings,
And all live well in *Italy*;
But I perceive 'twas all a lye.
(e) *Jove* (ſtroaking up his great Muſtachoes)
Smil'd for to ſee her ſo out-ragious,
(For had ſhe broke a Pot, or Platter,
He could not well be angry at her,

(b) *O qui res hominumque Deumque*
Æternis regis Imperiis, & fulmine terres;
(c) *Quid* Troes *potuere? quibus tot funera paſſis*
Cunctus ob Italiam *terrarum clauditur Orbis?*
(d) *Certe hinc* Romanos *olim, volventibus annis,*
Hinc fore ductores, revocato à ſanguine Teucri,
Qui mare qui terras omni ditione tenerent,
Pollicitus. Quæ te Genitor *ſententia vertit?*
(e) *Olli ſubridens hominum ſator atque Deorum,*

He

He lov'd her ſo, and 'tis ſo common,
Either in Man, or elſe in Woman;
Their Baſtards they will clip and kiſs ye,
More dearly then their lawful Iſſue.)
(f) *Jove* looking then moſt ſweetly at her,
(For ſhe had made his Mouth to water)
Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her
A Kiſs of no unwelcome ſavour.
(g) My pretty Wench (quoth he) I prethee,
Let's have no more ſuch puling with thee:
All ſhall be well enough, ne'r fear it;
And by my Beard once more I ſwear it,
Thy Son *Æneas*, thou doſt doubt ſo,
Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout ſo,
Shall be a King, or Prince at leaſt;
I ſpeak in earneſt, not in jeſt.
With that he whiſtled out moſt mainly,
You might have heard his Fiſt as plainly
From one ſide of the Skie to th' other,
As you and I hear one another.
Thrice whiſtled he, when by and by,
Out came his Foot-boy *Mercury*,
And askt him without more ado,
What 'twas he whiſtled for, and who?

(f) *Vultu quo Cœlum, Tempeſtateſque ſerenat,*
Oſcula libavit Gnatæ; dehinc talia fatur.
(g) *Parce metu* Cytherea; *manent immota tuorum*
Fata tibi. Cernes urbem, & promiſſa Lavini
Mœnia, ſublimemque feres ad ſydera cœli
Magnanimum Æneam.

This

This *Merc'ry* you muſt underſtand Sir,
Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer:
A nimble Raſcal, and a Dapper,
Full deftly could he cut a Caper,
* See *Plaut.* in *Amphytr.* * Dance, run, and leap, friſk and curvet,
Tumble, and do the *Sommerſet:*
And fly with artificial Wings
Ty'd to his head and heels with ſtrings:
'Twas he firſt taught to fly i'th' Air,
As we have ſeen at *Bartle*-Fair;
A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,
And one that well could ſay his Errant;
An ex'lent ſervant (in plain-dealing)
But that he was enclin'd to ſtealing.
(h) Sirrah (quoth *Jove*) go take your Pumps,
And haſte to *Carthage*, ſtir your ſtumps;
And as thou art a cunning Prater,
Play me the fine Inſinuator.
Dido and all her *Carthaginians*
Poſſeſs throughout with kind opinions
Of the poor *Trojans*, leſt Queen *Dido*
Not knowing things ſo well as I do,
Should ſhew 'um all a Trick of *Paſs-paſs*,
And chance t'indict them for a Treſpaſs.
Away he flies *ſans* further ſpeech,
As he had had a Squib in's breech;

(h) *Hæc ait, & Maja genitum demittit ab alto,*
Ut terræ, utque novæ pateant Carthaginis *arces*
Hoſpitio Teucris, *nè fati neſcia* Dido
Finibus arceret. Volat ille per æra magnum
Remigio Alarum, & Lybiæ *citus aſtitit oris.*

And

And ſuddenly without diſcerning
(i) Set all the *Trojans* Bowels yearning.
Dido for her part ſwore a *Trojan*
Should do the Feat for her, or no man.
Mean while the *Trojans* ſlept at eaſe,
Unleſs ſometimes bit by white Fleas,
Their ſoft Repoſe in quiet taking,
(k) Only *Æneas* he was waking,
Who whileſt the night was dark and ore-caſt,
Like one that had an ex'lent fore-caſt,
Lay thinking now his Guts grew limber,
How they might get more *Belly-timber*:
No ſooner the Light firſt came creeping,
But that he cry'd, Ah Fool! art peeping?
And up he ſtarts to go a ſtealing,
Either a Mutt'ning or a Vealing;
And yet he thought being a ſtranger,
To go alone might be ſome danger;
(l) Therefore he deem'd it not amiſs
To call a Truſty Friend of his;
And that he might go on the bolder,
He laid a Two-hand bat on's ſhoulder.
Thus going then abroad for food,
(m) He meets his Mother in a Wood;

(i) *Ponuntque ferocia* Pœni
Corda, volente Deo; imprimis Regina *quietum*
Accipit in Teucros *animum mentemque benignam.*
(k) *At pius* Æneas, *per noctem plurima volvens,*
Ut primum lux alma data eſt, ———
(l) *Ipſe uno graditur comitatus* Achate
Bina manu lato criſpans haſtilia ferro.
(m) *Cui mater mediâ ſeſe tulit obvia ſylva,*
Virginis os habitumque gerens

So ſmug ſhe was, and ſo array'd,
He took his Mother for a Maid:
A great miſtake in her, whoſe Bum
So oft had been god *Mars* his Drum:
Full oft when *Smug* was blowing Bellows,
Would ſhe be trucking with good Fellows;
And let her ſelf be chucked as tamely,
As if therein there did no blame lye,
By *Mars*, and many a one beſide,
Or elſe ſhe fowly is bely'd.
(n) Well met (young man) quoth *Venus* kindly,
As you came through the Woods behind ye.
Pray did you not, for all your haſte, note
A Laſs in Petti-coat and Waſt-coat;
With ſuch a Pelt as mine thrown o're her,
Driving a Sow and Pigs before her?
(o) No truly, (quoth *Æneas* mild)
I ſaw nor Man, Woman, nor Child;
Yet, though I ſay't, had I been nigh her,
I could as ſoon as others ſpie her:
But who art thou that ſpeak'ſt ſo ſhrill,
As if thy words came through a Quill?
Thou art of gentle Kindred ſurely,
Thou look'ſt and ſpeakeſt ſo demurely:

(n) *Heus, inquit, juvenes, monſtrate mearum*
Vidiſtis ſiquam hîc errantem ſorte ſororum,
Succinctam pharetrâ, & maculoſæ tegmine lyncis,
Aut ſpumantis apri curſum clamore prementem?
(o) *Veneris contrà ſic filius orſus:*
Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque viſa ſororum.
O quàm te memorem virgo? namque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem ſonat: ô dea certè.

(p) Therefore

(p) Therefore good Mistress or good Lady,
I do beseech you, if it may be,
To put us out of fear of Dangers,
(q) Tell's where we are, for we are strangers.
(r) *Venus*, at that, wrigling and mumping,
Cries, pray young man, leave off your frumping,
For until now I've met with no man,
E'r took me for a Gentlewoman:
She that I ask for is my Sister;
I wonder how the Pox you mist her!
We were this morning sent in haste
To fetch a Sow that lies at Mast.
(s) Yond Town was built by one *Agenor*;
The Land's so good it needs no *Meanor*:
(t) One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who
Run hither a good while ago:
She is a Queen of gentle bearing,
Whose story will be worth the hearing:
(u) But should I tell it all out-right,
I think 'twould last a Winters night.
(x) Therefore in short, This same Queen *Dido*,
Who now, alas, is left a Widow!
Had one *Sichæus* to her *Honey*,
A wealthy man in Land and Money:

(p) *An Phœbi soror, an Nympharum sanguinis una!*
——— (q) *quo sub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris*
Jactemur doceas ———
(r) *Tum* Venus: *Haud equidem tali me dignor honore.*
(s) *Punica regna vides*, Tyrios & Agenoris *urbem.*
(t) *Imperium* Dido *Tyria regit urbe profecta.*
——— (u) *longa est injuria, longæ*
Ambages, sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.
(x) *Huic Conjux* Sichæus *erat, ditissimus agri.*

(y) Whom one *Pygmalion*, unawares
Kill'd, as he was ſaying on's Prayers;
Onely for lucre of his pelf,
Which he had thought t'have had himſelf,
(z) And fob'd Queen *Dido* off ſome ſeaſon,
(Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reaſon)
By telling her a Flim flam prattle,
That he was gone to buy ſome Cattle:
But on a time, as without doubt,
Murther at ſome odd time will out,
One night as ſhe did ſleep and ſnore,
As ſhe had never ſlept before,
(a) Into her Chamber, dores unlocking,
Comes me her Husband without knocking:
A Link he in his hand did brandiſh,
His face was Paler then your Band is:
Near her came and would have kiſs'd her,
At which ſhe well nigh had be-piſs'd her;
But being a Ghoſt of civil faſhion,
He gave her *Words* of *Conſolation*.
Quoth he, I murdred am, my Jewel,
By wayes moſt barbarous and cruel:
And for to ſhew I tell no Fibbs,
(b) Look what a hole here's in my Ribbs,

——————(y) *Ille* Sychæum
Impius ante aras, atque auri cœcus amore,
Clam ferro incautum ſuperat——————
——————(z) *ægram*
(Multa malus ſimulans) vana ſpe luſit amantem.
(a) *Ipſa ſed in ſomnis inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris:
——————(b) *Trajectaque pectora ferro*
Nudavit: —————— And

And if thou ſtay'ſt, that Rogue *Pygmalion*
Intends to uſe thee like a Stallion:
(e) Therefore be gone, thou and thy Meany,
But leave the Raſcal ne'r a penny,
To bleſs himſelf; it lyes each farthing,
In an old Butter-pot i'th Garding.
(d) *Dido* at this, riſes up early,
And with her ſervants very fairly,
Not caring for *Pygmalions* Curſes,
Steals all his Money-bags, and Purſes;
And in a Boat prepar'd o'th' nonce,
Shipt all his Goods away at once,
And got off ſafe, whil'ſt all this Gear,
Was ordered by a *Waſtcoteer*.
(e) At laſt ſhe came with all her People,
To yonder Town with the Spire-ſteeple,
And bought as much good feeding ground for
Five Marks, as ſome would give five pounds for;
Where now ſhe lives a Huſwife wary,
Has her ground ſtockt, and keeps a Dairy:

(c) *Tum celerare fugam patriáque excedere ſuadet,*
Auxiliumque viæ, veteres telluve recludit
Theſauros, ignotum argenti pondus & auri.
(d) *His commota fugam,* Dido, *ſociósque parabat:*
Conveniunt quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat: naves quæ fortè paratæ,
Corripiunt, onerantque auro: portantur avari
Pygmalionis *opes pelago: dux fœmina facti.*
(e) *Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes*
Mœnia, ſurgentémque novæ Carthaginis *arcem:*
Mercatique ſolum facti de nomine Byrſam,
Taurino quantum poſſent circundare tergo.

(f) And now young man, I pray ye ſhew me
Whence do ye come, or whither go ye?
(g) This being ſaid, our luſty Swabber
Groan'd like a Woman in her Labour,
And looking rufully upon her,
Oh! Dame (quoth he) brim-full of Honour,
Should I begin my Story ſpinning,
From the firſt end to th' laſt beginning,
I doubt to finiſh we ſhould miſs time,
For it would laſt till t' morrow this time.
(h) We *Trojans* are of *Troy-Town* Race,
(If e'r you heard of ſuch a place.)
(i) And I th' *Æneas* fam'd in Battle,
But more ador'd for Tail and Twattle:
Who bring along our Country Gods,
A company of ſmoakie Toads,
Catcht out o'th' fire, from the *Greek*
When all the Town was of a Reek;
And can derive my Pedigree,
(Although I ſay't) with any *He*,
That is perhaps fuller of Pride,
Eſpecially by th' Mothers ſide.

(f) *Sed vos qui tandem? quibus aut veniſtis ab oris?*
Quove tenetis iter? ——
—— (g) *Quærenti talibus ille*
Suſpirans, imoq; trahens a pectore vocem:
O dea, ſi prima repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annales noſtrorum audire laborum,
Ante diem clauſo componet veſper Olympo.
(h) *Nos* Troja *antiqua (ſi veſtras fortè per aures*
Trojæ *nomen iit)* ——
(i) *Sum pius* Æneas, *raptos qui ex hoſte penates,*
Claſſe veho mecum, ——

Did

Did my Fame never hither come?
I'm talk'd of far, and near at home;
To tell you truly as a friend,
(k) For *Italy* we did intend,
And put to Sea in paltry weather,
(l) With twenty pair of Oars together:
Of which there hardly are left seven,
Which put into the Shoar last Even.
(m) *Venus* the while *Æneas* eying,
And seeing he could scarce hold crying;
Thus cut him off in courteous fashion
I'th' midst on's pitiful Relation:
(n) Who e'r thou art, take heart I say,
Rome can't be built all on a Day;
And though ye'have suffered some disasters:
Yet let me tell you this, my Masters,
'Tis a good sign that those gods love ye,
For all your haste, that hither drove ye:
You might have walkt your pumps apieces,
E'r light on such a place as this is.
(o) Go me to th' *Queen* now out of hand,
And shew her how your matters stand:

(k) Italiam *quæro, patriam, & genus ab* Jove *summo.*
(l) *Bis denis* Phrygium *conscendi navibus æquor,*
Matre dea monstrante viam, data fata sequutus:
Vix septem convulsæ undis, Eurôque *supersunt.*
——(m) *Nec plura querentem*
Passa Venus *medio sic interfata dolore est.*
(n) *Quisquis es, haud (credo) invisus cœlestibus, auras*
Vitales carpis, Tyriam *qui adveneris urbem*
(o) *Perge modò atque hinc te reginæ ad limina perfer.*

She'll make you welcome for her part;
She loves tall Fellows in her heart:
(p) There on my honeſt word, you'll meet
Your loſt Companions, I fore-ſee't;
And have all things that you would wiſh,
(q) Or ſurely I was taught amiſs:
(For I a Father had, could make
In time of need an Almanack)
Chear up your hearts, your ſpirits rally,
And ne'r ſtand fooling, ſhall I, ſhall I,
But budge, jogg on, beſtir your Toes,
(r) There lies your way, follow your Noſe.
(s) With that ſhe turn'd to go away,
And did her freckled Neck diſplay;
By which, and by a certain whiff
Came from her Arm-pits or her Cliff,
And a fine hobble in her pace,
Æneas knew his Mothers Grace:
(t) *Mother* (quoth he) why doſt thou run thus,
And with thy *Mumming* cheat thy *Son* thus?

(p) *Námque tibi reduces ſocios, claſſémque relatam*
Nuntio——
(q) *Ni fruſtra augurium vani docuere parentes,*
(r) *Perge modò & qua te ducit via, dirige greſſum.*
(s) *Dixit: & avertens roſeâ cervice refulſit:*
Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos:
Et vera inceſſu patuit dea; ille ubi matrem
Agnovit, tali fugientem eſt voce ſecutus.
(t) *Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falſis*
Ludis imaginibus? cur dextræ jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire, & reddere voces?

Why

Why may we not ſhake one another
By th' hand, and talk like Son and Mother?
Oh think upon our woful Caſes,
Whileſt thus we wander in ſtrange places!
(u) But ſhe was gone, for when ſhe liſt,
She foiſt away could in a Miſt;
Nor could ſhe tarry, to ſay truly,
For ſhe had made a promiſe newly,
To meet a friend of hers to dally,
(x) In a blind ſtreet they call *Ram-Alley*:
Æneas then began to find,
That there was ſomething in the wind,
And ſaid, My Mother's a mad ſhaver,
No man alive knows where to have her;
But I'd as live as half a Crown,
We two could walk ſo into th' Town.
Venus heard what he ſaid, for ſhe
Could hear, as far as we can ſee;
And in a moment to befriend 'um,
Two Cloaks inviſible did lend 'um.
Thus cloakt, their Knavery to ſhelter,
(y) Away they trudge it helter skelter,
Until *Æneas* and his friend,
Safely arriv'd at the Towns-end.

(u) *At* Venus *obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,*
Et multo nebulæ circum dea fudit amictu:
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere poſſet,
Molirive moram ——— ——— ———
(x) *Ipſa* Paphum *ſublimis abit,* ———
(y) *Corripuere viam interea, qua ſemita monſtrat:*
Jamque aſcendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet, adverſaſque aſpectat deſuper arces.

(z) *Æneas*

(z) *Æneas* ſtar'd about and wonder'd,
To ſee of Houſes a whole hunder'd:
But when he ſaw the Folks were there,
He thought it had been *Carthage* fair.
(a) The Town was full, all in a pother,
Some doing one thing, ſome another;
Some digging were, ſome making Mortar,
Some hewing Stones, and ſuch a Quarter:
For they were all, as Story tells,
Building or doing ſomething elſe;
(b) And to be ſhort, all that he ſees,
Were working buſily as Bees.
(c) I'th' middle of the Town there ſtood
A goodly *Elm* o're-grown with Wood;
And under that were Stocks moſt duly,
To lock them faſt that were unruly:
There ſate they down to eaſe their travel,
Picking their ſweaty Toes from Gravel:
And lookt about as they lay lurking,
(d) To ſee the buſie *Tyrians* working:
But none could ſee them for their ſpell,
They were ſo hid, they might as well,
Though they had been never ſo nigh 'um,
See through a double Dore as ſpye 'um.

(z) *Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:*
(a) *Inſtant ardentes* Tyrii: *pars, ducere muros*
Molirique arcem, & manibus ſub ſolvere ſaxa:
Pars aptare locum tecto, & concludere ſulco.
(b) *Qualis apes æſtate nova per floreа rura*
Exercet ſub ſole labor.——
(c) *Lacus in urbe fuit media, lætiſſimus umbra:*
(d) *Infert ſe ſeptus nebula (mirabile dictu)*
Per medios, miſceque viris neque cernitur ulli.

Near

Near ſtood the Church, a pretty Building;
Plain as a Pike-ſtaff without gilding,
I cannot liken any to it,
Unleſs 't be *Pancrage*, if you know it.
(e) This Church Queen *Dido*, 'tis related
Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,
And was beholding unto none;
But built it all both ſtick and ſtone,
At her own proper coſt and charges;
No Church i'th' Country near ſo large is:
It was well laid with Lime and Mortar:
(For ſo the Workmen did exhort her)
Becauſe it would be ſo much ſtronger,
And ſo you know would laſt the longer.
It had a Dore pegg'd with a pin,
To ſhut Folks out, or let Folks in,
And in a pretty Wooden Steeple
A Low-Bell hung to call the People.
Æneas and his friend went thither,
Seeing a many Folks together,
Whoſe miſty Cloaks ſo well did hide 'um,
That in they went and no one ſpy'd 'um.
(f) But then they wonder'd to behold
The Images ſo manifold,

(e) *Hîc templum* Junoni *ingens Sidonia* Dido
Condebat——————

(f) *Artificûmque manus inter ſe, operumque labores*
Miratur, videt' Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,
Bellâque tam fama totum vulgata per orbem;
Atridas, Priamumque, & ſævum ambobus Achillem.
Conſtitit, & lachrymans: Quis jam locus (*inquit*) Achate
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?

That

That ſtaring ſtood in ſundry places,
As if they would fly in their faces.
Then (quoth *Æneas*) to's Comrade,
This Fellow Maſter was on's Trade,
That pictur'd theſe; Look, look, as I am
An honeſt man, yonders our *Priam*;
See where he ſtands in Silk and Sattin,
As he could ſpeak both Greek and Lattin.
Whoop yonders *Hector* too, and *Troylus*,
Look thee, how here the *Grecians* ſpoyl us;
(g) And there our Truſty *Trojans* do
Bang them and pay them *quid* for *quo*.
Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,
With his Cocks-feather in his Cap;
And yonders one, for all's Bravado,
Knocks him with luſty Baſtinado.
How came theſe here t'be pictur'd thus?
Sure all the World has heard of us.
(h) Whileſt thus *Æneas* ſad and muddy,
Stood muſing in a dark brown ſtudy;
In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,
In Apron white, as on a *May-day*:
A crew of Royſters waited on her,
Which there were cali'd her men of Honour:
All clad in fair blew Coats, and Badges,
To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages.

(g) *videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum*
Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana juventus:
Hac Phryges, inſtaret curru criſtatus Achilles.
(h) *Hæc dum* Dardanio *Æneæ miranda videntur,*
Dum ſtupet, obtutúque hæret defixus in uno:
Regina ad templum forma pulcherrima Dido
Inceſſit magno juvenum ſtipante caterva:

(i) Even

(i) Even as a proper Woman ſhows
When unto Wake, or Fair ſhe goes,
Clad in her beſt Apparel, ſo
Queen *Dido* all this time did ſhow,
And was ſo brave a Buxom Laſs,
That ſhe did all i'th' Town ſurpaſs.
Into the midſt o'th' Church ſhe marches,
And there betwixt a pair of Arches,
Upon a Stool ſet for the nonce,
She went to reſt her Marrow-bones,
And on a Cuſhion ſtuff't with Flocks,
She clapt her dainty pair of Docks.
(k) There *Dido* ſate in State each day,
To hear what any one could ſay,
Some to rebuke, and for to ſmooth ſome;
And give out Laws, wholſome, or toothſome;
To puniſh ſuch as had Inſolence,
And make them good *Nolens* or *Volens*:
And there likewiſe each morning-tide,
She did the young Mens Tasks divide,
Wherein great Policy did lurk,
Each knew his Jobb of Journey-work,
And fell about it without Jangling:
But that which kept them moſt from wrangling

(i) *Qualis in* Eurotæ *ripis, aut per juga* Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille ſequuntæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſque deas ſupereminet omnes.
(k) *Tum foribus diviæ, media teſtudine templi,*
Septa armis, ſolióque altè ſubnixa reſedit;
Jure dabat, legéſque viris, operúmque laborem
Partibus æquabat juſtis, aut ſorte trahebat.

Was

Was that they ſtill drew cuts to know,
Whether they ſhould work hard or no;
And who had th' longeſt cut, and th' beſt,
Had ſtill more work then all the reſt.
(l)Here whileſt *Æneas* ſqueez'd and thruſt is,
To ſee Queen *Dido* doing Juſtice:
Who ſhould he but his Fellow ſpie
Got into *Dido*'s Company?
There *Anthens* was (no mortal fiercer)
And one *Sergeſtus* too, a Mercer,
With other *Trojans* that would vapour;
Cloanthus too, the Woollen-Draper:
All which, and forty *Trojans* more,
Were wonderfully got to ſhore.
(m) At this, *Æneas* and his friend
Were e'n almoſt at their wits end;
(Z'lid *Jove* forgive me that I ſwear)
Quoth he, how think'ſt, how came they here?
Nay, quoth the other preſently,
Æneas, what a Pox know I?
(n) *Æneas* was ſo glad on's kin,
He ready was t'leap out on's skin,
And ſo was t'other, for (in ſadneſs)
They were e'n mad, 'twixt fear and gladneſs:

(l) *Cum ſubita Æneas concurſu accedere magno*
Anthea, Sergeſtumque videt, fortemque Cloanthum,
Teucrorumque alios, ater quos æquore turbo
Diſpulerat, penituſque alias advexerat oras:
(m) *Obſtupuit ſimul ipſe, ſimul perculſus Achates:*
(n) *Lætitiaque metuque avidi conjungere dextras*
Ardebant: ſed res animos incognita turbat;
Diſſimulant, & nube cava ſpectantur amicti,
Quæ fortuna viris: ——— ———

And

And it seems, they were so wise,
To keep them safe in their disguise;
Until their friends had try'd th' Opinions
Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians.*

(o) At last they saw one *Ileoneus*,
A *Trojan* very Ceremonious;
A youth of very fine Condition,
A very pretty Rhetorician:
One that could write and read; and had
Been bred at Free-School from a Lad,
Thrust up to *Dido* in good fashion,
And thus begins his fine Oration.

(p) O *Queen*, who here hast built a Village,
And keep'st thy ground in hearty Tillage:
O Thou, who hast the Royal Science,
To Govern Men as wild as Lyons,
Behold us here, who look like men,
New eaten and spew'd up again:
So spitefully has fortune croſt us,
So wofully the Seas have tost us.
A few poor *Trojans* here you see,
Even as poor as poor may be;
Thrown on this Shore by Wind and Weather;
Ill-luck, the Devil, and altogether;

(o) *Postquam introgressi, & coràm data copia fandi,*
Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore cœpit:
(p) *O regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,*
Justitiaque dedit gentes frænare superbas,
Troes te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti
Oramus, prohibe infandos à navibus ignes:
Parce pio generi, & propius res aspice nostras.

And

And humbly do beſeech your Grace,
To pity our moſt woful caſe,
Your men are all in hurly-burly,
And look upon us grim and ſurly,
So that if you be not good to us,
They'll burn our Boats, and quite undo us.
Therefore we pray you ſend ſome one,
To bid 'um let our Boats alone.
(q) Alaſs! we come not to purloyn,
Either your Cattle, or your Coyn,
Neither to filch Linnen or Wollen,
Nor yet to ſteal away your Pullen;
W'have no ſuch knaviſh ends as theſe;
But only to beg Bread and Cheeſe.
(r) We were going to a place,
A hardiſh kind of Name it has,
Where once your what ſhal's cal'ums (rot 'um!
It makes me mad I have forgot 'um)
Liv'd a great while; but now d'ye ſee,
'Tis known by th' name of *Italy*:

(q) *Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare penates*
Venimus, aut raptas ad littora vertere prædas:
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta ſuperbia victis.
(r) *Eſt locus, (Heſperiam Graii cognomine dicunt)*
Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebæ;
Oenotrii coluere viri: nunc fama minores
Italiam dixiſſe, ducis de nomine gentem;
Hic curſus fuit.

(s) When

(s) When on a ſudden one *Orion*,
Powder'd upon us like a Lyon,
And ſquander'd us on Flats and Shelves,
Enough to make us drown our ſelves:
So that of ſixſcore men, and deſt ones,
Even here (O Queen) are all are left on's.
(t) Then what ſhould all your *Tyrians* thus
To ſcowl and look askew at us;
Or where the Devil were they bred,
Sure ranker Clowns ne'r liv'd by Bread!
And (for to tell your Grace my thought)
I think they'r better fed then taught,
For (as I am an honeſt man
Let 'um deny it if they can)
(u) No ſooner landed we to bait us,
But that the Rogues threw Cow-turds at us:
But *Queen*, I hope, thou'lt teach the Wretches,
Hencetorth to meddle with their Matches.
(x) *Æneas* once did us command,
A taller fellow of his hand,

(s) ——— *Cùm ſubitò aſſurgens nimboſus Orion*
In vada cæca tulit, penitùſque procacibus Auſtris,
Perque undas, ſuperante ſalo, perque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit, huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris:
(t) *Quod genus hoc hominum? quæve hunc tam barbara morem*
Permittit patria? ———
——— (u) *Hoſpitio prohibemur arenæ,*
Bella cient, primaq; vetant conſiſtere terra.
(x) *Rex erat Æneas nobis: quo juſtior alter*
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major, & armis;
Quem ſi fata virum ſervant, ſi veſcitur aura
Ætherea nec adhuc credulibus accubat umbris,
Non metus: officio nec te certaſſe priorem
Pœniteat ———

Nor honeſter, ne'r did, or ſhall,
Draw out a Trapſtick to a Wall.
If he but live, and that already
He be not drowned in ſome eddy,
You of your coſt will ne'r repent you,
For to a penny he'l content you.
(y) Look then o'th' *Trojans*, and befriend 'um,
Let's draw our Boats aſhore, and mend 'um.
We'll promiſe you, if that we meet
Our Captain with the reſt o'th' Fleet,
And if he be not turn'd to a Gudgeon,
We towards *Italy* will trudge on;
(x) And if that he ſhall ſtill be lacking,
Then back again we'll ſtrait be packing.
(*) *Dido* like woman of good faſhion,
Gave ſpecial heed to his Relation,
And all the while he did relate it,
Mump't like a Bride that would be at it.
At laſt, when he had told his Tale,
Mantling like Mare in Martingale,
She thus reply'd; *Trojans*, be cheery,
Pluck up your hearts, and reſt you merry;

(y) *Quaſſatam ventis liceat ſubducere claſſem,*
Et ſylvis aptare trabes, & ſtringere remos:
Si datur Italiam, ſociis, & rege recepto,
Tendere, ut Italiam læti, Latiumque petamus;
(z) *Sin abſumpta ſalus, & te, pater optime Teucrûm,*
Pontus habet Lybiæ, nec ſpes jam reſtat Iuli:
At freta Sycaniæ ſaltem ſedeſque paratas,
Unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Aceſtem.
(*) *Tum breviter Dido, vultum demiſſa profatur:*
Solvite corde metum Teucri: ſecludite curas.
Res dura, & regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri——

Our

Our Towns-folks here are ſomething wary:
Not that they any Ill-will bear you;
For they are very honeſt Fellows,
But that of late a Chance befel us.
To tell you true, the other day,
When all my folks were gone to th' hay,
A luſty Raſcal, ſuch a one
As one of you (diſpraiſe to none)
Comes into th' yard, and off the Hedge,
Where all our Clouts, were hung to Bleach,
Whips me a Brand new Flaxen Smock,
The very beſt of all my ſtock;
And runs away wi't in a trice:
('T had ne'r been on my back paſt twice:
But you I know ſuch baſeneſs ſcorn,
You all are men well bred and born.
(a) Who has not heard o'th' *Trojan* people,
And of *Æneas* and his Swipple?
Nor ſhall you find us Dames of *Tyre*,
So far remov'd from *Phœbus* fire;
But we can cheriſh luſty Yeomen,
And carry Toyes like other women.
(b) Therefore you ſhall, whether you go
Straight on to *Italy*, or no:

(a) *Quis genus Æneadûm, quis Trojæ neſciat urbem?*
Virtutéſque, virôſque, aut tanti incendia belli?
Non obtuſa adeò geſtamus pectora Pœni:
Nec tam adverſus equos Tyria ſol jungit ab urbe:
(b) *Seu vos Heſperiam magnam, Saturniaque arva,*
Sive Erycis fines, regémque optatis Aceſtem,
Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibuſque juvabo.

Or whether you row on the Main,
To your own Pariſh back again,
Have what you want; nor will I dun ye,
But pay me when you can get money:
(c) But if you'l tarry here, This Town
That I now build ſhall be your own;
And be as free you *Trojans* ſhall,
As any *Tyrian* on 'um all.
A Man's a Man, as I have read,
Though he have but a Hoſe on's head;
(d) And I could wiſh that the ſame weather
That blew your tatter'd Scullers hither,
Would blow *Æneas* hither too,
And then there were no more to do;
(e) But I'll ſend out my Men; who knows
But he may now be picking Sloes
In our Town-Woods, or getting Nuts,
For very need to fill his Guts?
(f) *Æneas* in his Miſty Cloak,
Heard every word Queen *Dido* ſpoke.

(c) *Vultis & his mecum pariter conſidere regnis?*
Urbem quam ſtatuo, veſtra eſt: ſubducite naves:
Tros Tyriuſque mihi nullo diſcrimine agetur.
(d) *Atque utinam rex ipſe Noto compulſus eodem*
Afforet Æneas: ——— ———
——— ——— (e) *Per littora certos*
Dimittam, & Libyæ luſtrare extrema jubebo,
Si quibus ejectus ſylvis, aut urbibus errat.
(f) *His animum arrecti dictis, & fortis Achates,*
Et pater Æneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem
Ardebant ———

Her

Her Hony-words made his Mouth water,
And he e'en twitter'd to be at her,
But he was ſo o'er joy'd he ſtood,
Like a great Sloven made of Wood;
And could not ſpeak, (though he were willing)
Would one have gi'n him Forty ſhilling.
(g) At laſt his Friend jog'd him with's hand;
How like a Logger-head you ſtand!
Quoth he, for certainly I think,
Thou'rt either mad or in thy drink:
Doſt thou not ſee our Friends all round,
Excepting one whom we ſaw drown'd:
And all as well, as Heart can wiſh,
And yet thou ſtandſt as mute as Fiſh!
(h) Scarce had he ſpoke, but off he threw
His Mantle made of Miſts ſo blew,
And ſtood as plainly to be ſeen,
As any there, *God bleſs the Queen.*
(i) For's Mother had ſo dizend him,
That he ſhould ſhew both neat and trim:

(g) *Prior Æneam compellat Achates.*
Nate dea, quæ nunc animo ſententia ſurgit?
Omnia tuta vides, claſſem ſociósque receptos.
Unus abeſt, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipſi
Submerſum: ——— ———

(h) *Vix ea fatus erat, cùm circumfuſa repentè*
Scindit ſe nubes, & in æthera purgat apertum:
Reſtitit Æneas, clarâque in luce refulſit,

(i) *Os humerósque Deo ſimilis; námque ipſa decoram*
Cæſariem nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, lætos oculis afflarat honores:

Though

Though (truly!) he was but an odd man,
Splay-mouth'd, crump-ſhoulder'd like the god
Yet could he not i'th' nick invent (*Pan.*
Her Majeſtie a Complement:
But ſcratcht his head and 'gan to ſputter,
His elbow rub'd and kept a clutter,
Mopping and mowing, till at laſt
All difficulties over-paſt,
(k) In Courtly Phraſe it thus came out;
Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout:
That ſame *Æneas* whom you prize thus,
Is here without *Deceptio Viſus*;
I that ſame very man am here,
And come to taſte of your good chear.
(l) O *Dido* Primroſe of Perfection,
Who onely granteſt kind Protection
To wandring *Trojans*, how ſhall we,
E'r pay Thee for this Courteſie!
We never can my dainty Friend;
Then let *Jove* do't, and there's an end.

(k) *Tum ſic reginam alloquitur, cunctiſque repentè*
Improviſus ait: Coram, quem quæritis adſum
Trojus Æneas ——————

(l) *O ſola infandos Troiæ miſeratа labores:*
Quæ nos, relliquias Danaûm terræq; mariſq;,
Omnibus exhauſtos jam caſibus, omnium egenos,
Urbe, domo ſocias: grates perſolvere dignas
Non opis eſt noſtræ, Dido: nec quicquid ubiq; eſt
Gentis Dardaniæ, magnum quæ ſparſa per orbem.
Dii tibi (ſiqua pios reſpectant numina, ſi quid
uſquam juſtitiæ eſt, & mens ſibi conſcia recti)
Præmia digna ferant; ——————

(m) Thus

(m) Thus having ended his fine Speech,
Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech;
And ſpoke to's men, ſayes, Lads how is't?
Come give me every one a Fiſt;
How doſt thou *Guy*, and Sirs how do ye?
Now by my troth, I'm glad to ſee you;
'Tis better being here I trow,
Then where we were awhile ago,
No longer ſince then yeſterday:
Welcome to *Tyre* as I may ſay.
With that to ſhaking hands they fall,
And he moſt friendly ſhak't them all:
Surely he was no Counterfeiter,
No Bandog could have ſhak't 'um better.
(n) Queen *Dido* raviſh't to behold,
The Carriage ſweet of this Springold,
Star'd for a while, as ſhe'd look through him,
And then thus brake her mind unto him.
(o) O thou who haſt ſo finely been bred,
And com'n art of ſuch honeſt kindred,
By what ſtrange luck haſt thou been hurry'd,
As if the Fates would thee have worry'd!
'Tis ſtrange thou haſt not burſt thy hoops,
Th'aſt been ſo bang'd about the ſtoops.

(m) *Sic fatus amicum*
Ilioneа petit dextra lævaque Seveſtum:
Poſt alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.
(n) *Obſtupuit primo aſpectu Sidonia Dido,*
Caſu deinde viri tanta: & ſic ore loquuta eſt:
(o) *Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula caſus*
Inſequitur! quæ vis immanibus applicat oris!

(p) Art thou *Æneas* with great Ware,
So famous for a Cudgel-player,
Whom *Venus* with her fine Devices
Bore that old Knocker, good *Anchiſes*?
(q) My Father *Belus* went with *Teucer*,
(I think he had not many Sprucer)
To take poſſeſſion of an Iſland,
That was ſome Twenty Rood of dry-land.
(r) And he ſtill gave great commendations,
Of *Trojans* 'bove all other Nations;
He could have nam'd you all by dozens,
And told me you and he were Couſins.
(s) Therefore young Men to *Carthage* you
Are welcome without more adoe.
I have my ſelf (I'd have you know)
Been driven to my ſhifts e'r now;
And therefore in my Juriſdiction,
Pitty a Beaſt that's in affliction:
(t) With that ſhe ſtretched forth a hand,
So white, it made *Æneas* ſtand

(p) *Tûne ille Æneas, quem Dardanio Anchiſæ*
Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?
(q) *Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire,*
Finibus expulſum patriis, nova regna petentem
Auxilio Beli: ——
(r) *Ipſe hoſtis Teucros inſigni laude ferebat:* ——
Seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum à ſtirpe volebat.
(s) *Quare agite, ô tectis juvenes ſuccedite noſtris.*
Me quoque per multos ſimilis fortuna labores
Jactatam, hac demum voluit conſiſtere terra.
Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.
(t) *Sic memorat: ſimul Æneam in regia ducit*
Tecta: ——

Amaz'd

A maz'd to ſee't (for know that ſhee
Still waſht her hands in Chamber-Lee)
And led *Æneas* in kind faſhion,
Towards her Graces Habitation;
And made a Curtzy at the dore,
And pray'd him to go in before:
But he moſt curteouſly cry'd no,
I hope I'm better bred then ſo:
But let him ſay what he ſay could,
Dido ſwore *Faith and Troth* he ſhould;
Well (quoth *Æneas*) I ſee ſtill,
Women and Fools muſt have their will:
And thereupon without more talking,
Enters before her proudly ſtalking.
Scarce were they got within the dores,
But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,
And a great coyl and ſcolding kept,
Becauſe the Houſe was not clean ſwept:
(a) Then all in haſte away ſhe ſends
Victuals unto *Æneas* friends;
Peaſe-porridge, Baton, Puddings, Sowſe,
O'th' very beſt ſhe had i'th' houſe;
Butter, and Curds, and Cheeſes plenty,
To fill their Guts that were full empty;
Bidding them eat, and never ſave it,
But call for more, and they ſhould have it.

(a) *Nec minus interea ſociis ad littora mittit*
Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
Terga ſuum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos:

(b) This

(b) This being done, the dainty Queen
Conducts the *Trojans* further in;
Into a Parlour neat she takes 'um,
And there most fairly welcome makes 'um:
She serv'd 'um drink and victua's up,
As long as they would eat or sup;
Whilst each one there so play'd the Glutton,
That he was forced to unbutton.
No sooner had the *Trojans* bold,
Stuff'd their Guts full as they would hold;
But that *Æneas* strait begun,
(c) All-to-bethink him of his Son.
* Now you must know that he had had
A Wench, and by that Wench a Lad.
The Lass *Creüsa* had to name,
Whom (be it spoken to their shame)
The *Greeks* when first they took *Troy* City,
Did thrust to death, without all pity:
Of woman-kind sure as I breath
The first that ever dy'd that death.
(d) His son, *Ascanius* hight, a Page,
About some dozen years of age,
This Boy, *Æneas* sent *Achates*
To fetch; quoth he, since we feed *gratis*,
Why should not now my little Bastard,
(That I dare sware would prove no dastard)

* See *Servius* upon *Virgil.*

(b) *At domus interior regali splendida luxu*
Instruitur, mediisque parant convivia tectis.
(c) *Omnis in* Ascanio *chari stat cura parentis.*
(d) Æneas *rapidum ad naves præmittit* Achatem,
Ascanio *ferat hæc, ipsumque ad mœnia ducat.*

Come

Come to Queen *Dido*'s Houſe, and Feaſt,
As we have done o'th' very beſt?
Go fetch him then, (e) and let him bring's
Out of my Coffer, thoſe gay things
I ſav'd at *Troy*; which for their fineneſs
He ſhall preſent unto her Highneſs.
There is a Riding-hood and Safe-guard
Of yellow Lace, bound with a brave-guard,
Which *Hellen* wore, the very day,
That *Paris* ſtole her quite away.
(f) Then there's a Diſtaff neatly wrought
That *Paris* too for *Hellen* bought,
For carved work fit to be ſeen,
Betwixt the leggs of any Queen.
And then there is a fair great Ruff
Made of a pure and coſtly Stuff
To wear about her Highneſs neck,
Like Mris. *Cockaynes* in the *Peak*;
And laſt a Quoif, wrought gorgeouſly
With Tinſel, and *Blew Coventry*:
Then go as faſt as th' canſt, I prithee,
And bring him and theſe Preſents with thee.

vid. K. 4. 65. pag. 246.

(e) *Munera præterea Iliacis erepta ruinis*
Ferre jubet, pallam ſignis, auroq; rigentem,
Et circumtextum croceo velamen Acantho,
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ: *quos illa* Mycenis,
Pergama *tum peteret, inconceſſoſq;* Hymenæos
Extulerat ——

(f) *Præterea ſceptrum,* Ilione *quod geſſerat olim*
Maxima natarum Priami, *colloq; monile*
Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auroq; coronam.

(g) Away

(g) Away goes he, as he was bidden,
Running as fast, as he had ridden;
But *Venus*, that same cunning Dame
Had yet another Trick to play 'um.
(h) She had no very good Opinion,
Of your so smooth tongu'd *Carthaginian*,
Nor knew she but the Queen might be
As full of Craft as Courtelie.
(i) And she was sure that *Juno* would
Do all the Mischief that she could;
Therefore she in all haste did run,
T'a Boy, call'd *Cupid*, was her Son.
This Cupid was a little Tyny,
Cogging, Lying, Peevish Nynny;
No bigger then a good *Points Tag*;
But yet a vile unhappy wag.
He ne'r would go to School, but play
The Truant every other day;
Run men into the Breech with pins,
Throw stones at Folks and break their shins;
Kill peoples Hens, and steal their Chicks,
And do a Thousand Roguy Tricks:
But with a Bow the Shit-breecht elf
Would shoot like *Robbin Hood* himself;
And had, I warrant, every dart,
Poyson'd with such a subtle art,

(g) *Hæc celeranis, iter ad naves tendebat* Achates.
At Cytherea *novas artes, nova pectore versat*
Consilia———
(h) *Quippe domum timet ambiguam* Tyriosque *bilingues.*
(i) *Urit atrox* Juno———

That

That where they hit, their power was ſo,
It made Folks love, would they or no:
And for this Trick, the hopeful Youth
Was call'd *The God of Love* forſooth,
To this young Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,
As I (if you have not forgot it)
Told you before, and thus begun
To flatter up her Graceleſs Son;
(k) My Goldy locks, (quoth ſhe) my Joy,
My pretty little tyny Boy;
Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee
T' implore thy little Deity.
(l) Thou knoweſt as well as any other,
How *Juno* vile has us'd thy Brother,
Our poor *Æneas*, what a Clatter,
She made to drown him on the water;
Nay ſhe would do more miſchief ſtill,
If the curſt Quean might have her will.
(m) *Æneas* now is at a place,
Call'd *Carthage*, with a handſome Laſs,
Queen *Dido* nam'd, where now he is
Made on as much, as heart can wiſh;
(n) But leaſt the Queen ſhould change her mind
As Weather-Cocks do with the wind,

(k) *Gnate, meæ vires, mea magna potentia, ſolus*
Gnate patris ſummi qui tela Typhoëa temnis;
Ad te confugio, & ſupplex tua numina poſco.
(l) *Frater ut Æneas pelago tuus omnia circum*
Littora jactetur, odiis Junonis *inlquæ,*
Nota tibi———
(n) *Quocirca capere ante dolis & cingere flamma*
Reginam meditor, ne quo ſe numine mutet:

And

And thorough *Juno*'s wiles at last,
Shew him a Womans slipp'ry cast:
My pretty Archer, let us two
Shew the proud Slut what we can do.
My Son *Æneas* does dispatch
Achates to the Wharf to fetch
My little Grandchild, who must come,
To sup in *Dido*'s Dining-room.
Now since that thus in short the Case is,
And that thou canst so well cut faces:
(o.p) I would have thee to set thy *Phys'-Nomy* in such a shape as his:
And go along as meek and mild,
As any little sucking Child.
When thou com'st there, I know the Queen
Will clip, and kiss thy Cheek and Chin;
Dandle, and give thee Figs and Reasons;
Then must thou play thy Petty-Treasons,
Lick her Lips, Flatter her, and Cog,
And set her Highness so o'th' Gog,
That when she'as laid by Fame and Honour,
Thy Brother may to work upon her.

(o) ——— *Faciem mutatus & ora* Cupido
Pro dulci Ascanio *veniat.*

(p) *Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam*
Falle dolo, & notos pueri puer indue vultus:
Ut cum te gremio accipiet lætissima Dido,
Regales inter mensas, laticemque Lyæum,
Cum dabit amplexus, atque oscula dulcia figet,
Occultum inspires ignem, fallasque veneno.

(q) This

(q) This is my Plot, and that nought croſs it,
I'll make the Child a ſleeping Poſſet.
And when he's faſt, I will him hide
I'th' top o'th' Garret upon *Ide*.
(a) *Cupid*, who Miſchief lov'd I think,
Better by half then Meat or Drink;
Without all manner of Reply,
Prepares him for his Roguery.
His wings he from his ſhoulders throws,
Becauſe they'd not go into's Clothes,
And dreſt himſelf to ſuch a wonder,
That none could know the Lads aſunder.
(b) But *Venus* gave t'other a Sop,
That made him ſleep like any Top;
And whilſt he taking was a Nap,
She lay'd him neatly in her Lap,
And carried him to a Houſe that ſtood
Upon an Hill in an old Wood:
And when ſhe had the Urchin there,
She laid him up in *Lavender*.
(c) In the mean time Sir *Cupid* goes
To th' Court in young *Iülus* Clothes;

(q) *Hunc ego ſopitum ſomno ſuper alta* Cythera
Aut ſuper Idalium *ſacratâ ſede recondam.*
(a) *Paret Amor dictis charæ genetricis, & alas*
Exuit, & greſſu gaudens incedit Iuli.
(b) *At* Venus Aſcanio *placidam per membra quietem*
Irrigat, & fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ *lucos: ubi mollis amaracus illum*
Floribus, & dulci aſpirans complectitur umbra.
(c) *Jámque ibat dicto parens.*

(d) Who

(d) Who ſhould he ſee when he came there,
But *Dido* ſitting in a Chair,
I'th' midſt of all her *Trojan* Blades,
Vap'ring and ſwearing at her Maids!
Under her Feet a Cricket ſtood,
Whereon ſhe ſtampt as ſhe were Wood:
And likewiſe there was finely put,
A Cuſhion underneath her Scut.
There as ſhe ſate upon her Crupper,
(e) She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,
And in they brought a Thundring Meal,
Great Joynts of Mutton, Pork, and Veal,
Hens, Geeſe, and Turkies, Ducks, and Buſtards,
And at the laſt, Fools, Flawns, and Cuſtards:
The *Trojans* eat, and make good Chear,
Tunning themſelves with Ale and Beer;
There was old drinking, and old ſinging,
And all the while, the Bells were ringing,
One would have thought by the great Feaſt,
T'ad been a Wedding at the leaſt.

(d) *Cùm venit, aulæis jam ſe regina ſuperbis*
Aurea compoſuit ſponda, mediámque locavit.
Jam pater Æneas & jam Trojana *juventus*
Conveniunt: ſtratóque ſuper diſcumbitur oſtro.
(e) *Quinquaginta intus famulæ, quibus ordine longa*
Cura penum ſtruere, & flammis adolere penates.
Centum aliæ, totidémque pares ætate miniſtri,
Qui dapibus menſas onerent, & pocula ponant.

Whileſt

Whileſt thus they eat, and drink, and chat,
(f) *Cupid*, that little cogging Brat,
So cunning was in Counterfeiting,
Æneas thought him on's own getting.
At laſt Queen *Dido* in her Lap,
Sets me the Mounte-banking Ape,
And kiſt his Lips all of a Lather,
Then thus beſpeaks the new-made Father.
By the Mack (quoth ſhe) thou *Trojan* truſty,
Thou got'ſt this Boy when thou wert luſty;
And any one that does but note him,
May ſoon know who it was begot him;
I dare be ſworn 'twas thou didſt get him,
He's e'n as like thee as th' hadſt ſpit him.
(g) Whilſt thus the Youth ſhe kiſt and dandled,
Cupid had ſo the matter handled,
That ſhe began to feel a grumbling,
As People do that would be tumbling.
(h) When they had Supt, & that the Waiters,
Had Trenchers ta'n away, and Platters;

(f) *Ille ubi complexu Æneæ, colloque pependit,*
Et magnum falſi implevit genitoris amorem,
Reginam petit; hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto
Hæret: & interdum gremio fovet inſcia Dido,
Inſideat quantus miſeræ deus, ——————
—————— (g) *at memor ille*
Matris Acidaliæ, *paulatim abolere* Sichæum
Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem reſides animos ——————
(h) *Poſtquam prima quies epulis, menſæq; remotæ,*
Crateras magnos ſtatuunt, & vina coronant.

(i) Up from her Chair Queen *Dido* ſtarts,
And takes a Mug, that held two Quarts
Of drink, that ſhe with much forbearing,
Had ſav'd long ſince for her Sheep-ſhearing:
And thus begins, Here Sirs, here's to you,
And from my heart much good may do you:
(k) *Æneas*, here's a Health to thee,
To *Puſs*, and to good Company;
And he that will not do as I do,
Proclaims himſelf no friend to *Dido*.
I do pronounce him to be no Man,
And may he never kiſs a Woman.
(l) With that ſhe ſet it to her Noſe,
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes;
No drop beſides her Muzzle falling,
Until that ſhe had ſupt it all in.
Then turning 't * Topſey on her Thumb,
Sayes, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.
Æneas, as the Story tells,
And all the reſt did bleſs themſelves,
To ſee her troll off ſuch a Pitcher,
And yet to have her Face no richer.
By *Jove* (quoth he) knocking his Knuckles,
I'd not drink with her for Shoe-buckles:

* *Alias* Kelty.

(i) *Hic regina gravem gemmis, auróque poposcit,*
Implevitq; mero pateram: quam Belus *& omnes*
A Belo *ſoliti* ——————
(k) *Adſis lætitiæ* Bacchus *dator, & bona* Juno:
Et vos ô cœtum Tyrii *celebrate faventes.*
(l) *Dixit, & in menſa laticum libavit honorem:*
Primaq; libato ſummo tenus attigit ore.

But

But Madam (ſayes he) ſweetly bowing,
I hope your Grace does not make * plowing:
For if you do, at this large rate,
There will be many an aking pate;
(m) With that he took a luſty Swimmer,
Here Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer
In kind return for our Protections,
Unto Queen *Dido*'s beſt Affections.
(n) Down went their Cups, and to't they fell,
Roaring and Swaggering pell-mell,
(o) Whilſt a Blind-Harper did advance,
That wore Queen *Dido*'s Cognizance,
A Minſtrel that *Iopas* hight,
Who play'd and ſung to 'um all night;
He ſung them Songs, Ballads, and Catches,
Of Mens Devices, Womens Patches;
With ancient Songs of high Renown,
And even one they call *Troy-Town*:
At that *Æneas* ſhak'd his Noddle,
As one would do an empty Bottle;
(Quoth he) If he that wrought this Dity,
Had been with us i'th' midſt o'th' City,
When Faggot-ſticks flew in folks Chops,
And knockt men down as thick as Hops,
I do believe for all's fine *Chiming*,
He would have had ſmall mind of Rhiming:

* Ending one and Beginning another.

(m) *Ille impiger hauſit*
Spumantem pateram, & pleno ſe proluit auro.
(n) *Poſt alii proceres;* ——.
(o) *citharâ crinitus* Iopas
Perſona aurata, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam. ——

Yet for to give the Devil his due,
Who e'r he was, the Ballads true.
(p) From *Dido* then a belch did flie,
'Tis thought ſhe meant it for a ſigh,
And tears ran down her fair long Noſe,
The Queen was *Maudlin* I ſuppoſe.
(q) (Quoth ſhe) *Æneas*, out of Jeſting,
Thou needs muſt tell at my Requeſting,
All the whole Tale of *Troys* condition,
Since firſt you troubled were with th' *Grecian*;
Hectors great Fights, and *Priams* Speeches,
And eke deſcribe *Achilles* Breeches,
How ſtrong he was when he did grapple,
And if *Tidydes* Horſe were dapple.
Tell me, I ſay, of *Paris* Lechery,
The *Grecians* Quarrels, and their Treachery,
Your Challenges, your Fights, and Battels,
And how you loſt your Goods and Chattels;
And to what Places you have wander'd
E'r ſince you were ſo baſely ſquander'd.
All theſe things would I know moſt duly,
Then tell me ſpeedily and truly.

(p) *Infelix* Dido, *longúmque bibebat amorem*;
(q) *Multa ſuper* Priamo *rogitans, ſuper* Hectore *multa*:
Nunc quibus Auroræ *venîſſet filius armis*;
Nunc quales Diomedis *equi, nunc quantus* Achilles:
Imò age, & à prima dic hoſpes origine nobis;
Inſidias, inquit, Danaûm, caſúſque tuorum,
Erroréſque tuos.———

FINIS.

Scarronnides:

OR,

VIRGILE

TRAVESTIE.

A Mock-Poem,

In imitation of the

FOURTH BOOK

OF

VIRGILS ÆNÆIS

in *Engliſh*; *Burléſque.*

Stultiſſimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæq; proponere. Plin.Ep.5. lib. 1.

LONDON, Printed by *E. Cotes* for *Henry Brome* in *Little Britain.* M. DC. LXVII.

Scarlonnides

VIRGILE
TRAVESTIE.

The Fourth Book.

(a) IN this Fourth Book we find it written,
That *Dido* Queen was deeply ſmitten;
Much taken with the *Trojan*'s perſon,
Than which a properer was ſcarce one:
Much of his breeding did ſhe reckon,
But more of what, I'm loath to ſpeak on,
For which ſhe did ſo ſcald and burn
That none but he could ſerve her turn.
(b) The Sun, that ſpruce light-headed fellow
With frizled locks of ſanded yellow,

(a) *AT Regina gravi jamdudum ſaucia cura,*
Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multuſque recurſat
Gentis honos, hærent infixi pectore vultus,
Verbáque nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.
(b) *Poſtera* Phœbea *luſtrabat lampade terras,*
Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram;
Cum ſic unanimem alloquitur maleſana ſororem.

The windows crept by radiation,
Like ſon begot in fornication,
When *Dido* mad for want of Man,
Ev'n thus beſpake her Siſter *Nan*.
(c) I've been all night (quoth ſhe) my *Nancy*,
So ſtrangely troubled in my fancy,
I could not reſt till morning peep,
Odd Dreams have ſo diſturb'd my ſleep:
(d) What a ſtout ſtripling's this *Æneas*,
That thus hiſt croſt the Seas to ſee us!
I do believe, nay dare ſwear for him,
No mortal Woman ever bore him:
(e) But ſome great Lady in the skie,
That Nurs'd him up with Furmitie!
I hate a baſe cowardly Drone,
Worſe then a Rigil ten to one:
But this bold *Trojan* I delight in;
(f) How bravely does he talk of Fighting!
I tell thee *Nancy*, wer't not that
Folks would be apt to talk and prate,
Should I ſo ſoon new Suiters have,
(g) My Husband yet ſcarce cold in's grave;

(c) *Anna ſoror, quæ me ſuſpenſam inſomnia terrent?*
(d) *Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes?*
Quem ſeſe ore ferens! quam forti pectore & armis!
(e) *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus eſſe Deorum.*
Degeneres animos timor arguit.
(f) *Heu! quibus ille*
Jactatus fatis! Quæ bella exhauſta canebat!
(g) *Ne cui me vinclo poſſum ſociare jugali,*
Poſtquam primus amor, &c.
Si non pertæſum thalami tedæq; fuiſſet,
Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere culpæ.

And

And were I not with my first honey
Half tyr'd as 'twere with Matrimony,
I could with this same youngster tall,
Find in my heart to try a fall.
(h) I must confess since that sad season,
Pygmalion cut my Husbands weazon;
This only (not to mince the matter)
Is he hath made my mouth to water.
(i) But may I first *Jove* implore,
Sinke thorow this my Chamber floor,
Down quick into the Cellars bottom,
E'r I commit the thing you wot on;
Or any thing by lusts suggestion,
(k) That my good name may bring in question.
(l) Which said, she wept in manner ampler,
Then Girl new whipt for losing Sampler.
Nan in her answer was not long,
For nimble Baggage of her tongue
She was, (as some would say that knew her,
As was in that, or next Town to her.)
(m) O Sister dearer to me far,
Then Sunshine-dayes in Harvest are:

(h) *Anna (fatebor enim) miseri post fata Sychæi*
Conjugis, & sparsos fraterna cæde penates,
Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumq; labantem
Impulit: agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ
(i) *Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,*
Aut pater omnipotens adigat me ———
(k) *Ante pudor quam te violem aut tua jura resolvam.*
(l) *Sic effata, sinum lachrymis implevit obortis,*
(m) *Anna refert* ——— ———
——— ——— *O luce magis dilecta sorori,*

(n) Wilt

(n) Wilt thou (quoth she) O Woman Wood,
Still stop the current of thy blood,
And lose the time by vain pretences
Of making pretty Boys and Wenches?
Wilt thou cut Faces evermore
For Husband dead, as Nail in Dore?
Dost thou believe, thou puling thing,
(o) That dead Folks care for whimpring?
(p) Yield, and be naught at last; Y'have plaid
The Fool too long, here be it said,
And stood too much in your own light,
Or long enough ago, you might
(q) Have match't your self, and that well too,
To rich and proper men enow.
What though you have said many nay,
Yea, and burnt day-light, as we say,
Goodman *Iarbas* here hard by,
And others of good Yeomanry;
That might have past; because forsooth
They could not please your dainty Tooth.

(n) *Solane perpetuâ mœrens carpêre juventa?*
Nec dulces natos Veneris nec præmia nôris?
(o) *Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos?*
(p) *Esto; ægram nulli quondam flexere mariti;*
(q) *Non Libyæ, non ante Tyro despectus* Iarbas,
Durioresque alii, quos Africa *terra triumphis*
Dives alit, &c.

(r) Must

(r) Muſt you ſtill mince it at this rate,
With that you would ſo fain be at?
You ne'r conſider what a throng
Of ſaucie Knaves you live among.
Baſe ill-bred cheating ſurly Currs,
Raſcals as falſe as Moor-Landers.
Such fellows, as I greatly doubt me,
If you no better look about ye,
And leave this fooliſh twittle twattle,
To match with one may tent your Cattle;
Will in a ſhort ſpace not leave a Gooſe,
Turky, or Hen about the Houſe:
(s) Your Brother too, he ſwears and curſes
About his Money-Baggs and Purſes.
(t) I do believe that *Jove* and *Juno*,
(Whom all the World, and I, and you know)
Have ever been your faithful friends
For ſome moſt ſecret courteous ends.
Over-blew *Neptunes* bouncing Ferries,
Have hither ſent theſe *Trojan* Wherries.
Oh, were theſe *Trojans* marry'd to us,
What good ſuch bonny Lads might do us!

——(r) *Placitone etiam pugnabis amori?*
Non venit in mentem, quorum conſederis arvis?
Hinc Getulæ urbes, genus inſuperabile bello,
Et Numidæ infræni cingunt, & inhoſpita Syrtis
Hinc—— ——
Barcæi.——
(s) *Germaniq; minas——*
(t) *Diis equidem auſpicibus reor, & Junone ſecunda*
Huc curſum Iliacas vento tenuiſſe carinas.

(u) What

(u) What a fine Town would ours be then
How bravely ſtor'd with luſty Men!
Then without any more ado,
Siſter ſay Grace, and ſo fall to:
They in good manners ten to one,
Will make an offer to be gone;
And rather truſt their rotten Barges,
Then ſtay to put you to more charges:
(*) But you may make 'um at command,
As eaſily ſtay as kiſs your hand.
(x) Can you not tell 'um that the weather-
'S too cold, or hot (no matter whether)
Their Scullers torn and ſhatter'd ſo,
That they muſt mend 'um e'r they go;
And in concluſion with good reaſon
Wiſh 'um t' expect a better ſeaſon.
(y) With ſuch like documents as theſe are,
Which the young Slut knew beſt would pleaſe
Nancy ſo tickled up her Grace, (her,
That *Dido* ſcarce knew where ſhe was.
Nay ſome affirm a dangerous matter,
She'd much ado to hold her water:

(u) *Quam tu urbem ſoror hanc cernes! quæ ſurgere regna*
Conjugio tali! Teucrum comitantibus armis
Punica ſe tantis attollet Gloria rebus!
(*) *Tu modo* ———
Indulge hoſpitio cauſaſque innecte morandi,
(x) *Dum pelago deſævit hyems, & aquoſus Orion,*
Quaſſataque rates, nondum tractabile cœlum.
(y) *His dictis incenſum animum inflammavit amore,*
Spemque dedit dubiæ ———

And

And Counſel'd in that tempting ſtrain,
I wonder how ſhe could contain:
But certain 'tis, that this advice
So wrought upon this Widow nice,
That ſhe, who Maid, Widow, and Wife,
Had priz'd her Honour, 'bove her Life;
(z) Now car'd no more, for her good Name
Then any common Trading Dame.
(a) But to the Church (forſooth) anon,
That matters might go better on,
Like People o'th' Phanatick fry,)
Whoſe Sanctity's Hypocriſie)
They muſt, and ſlipping on their Pattens,
They went, as who ſhould ſay to Mattens.
Thither now come, fair *Dido* ſquats
Her Bum on Baſſock made of Mats:
For you muſt know as Story ſayes,
Queens, like the godly in theſe dayes,
In manner inſolent and ſlightly,
Diſdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.
But *Anna* who was but a Spinſter,
Kneel'd low on Stones as hard as Flints are.
Their eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their bodies
To this, and t'other god and goddeſs.
(b) To *Ceres*, *Phœbus*, and *Lyæus*,
And twenty harder names then * *The'as*.

* A figure ſo new, that Modern Authors have yet no name for't

(z) *Menti ſolvitque pudorem.*
(a) *Principio Delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras*
Exquirunt.
(b) *Legiferæ* Cereri, Phœboque, *patriq;* Lyæo:

(c) But

(c) But *Juno* had moſt veneration,
As ſhe was Queen of Copulation.
Prayers being done, up *Dido* roſe,
And to the Prieſt demurely goes;
She gently pulls him by the garment,
The reverend Type of his preferment,
And with moſt gracious looks and ſpeeches,
To borrow a word or two beſeeches.
The Prieſt bow'd low in Aukward wiſe,
As 'tis you know Sir *Roger*'s guiſe,
And in obſequious manner told her,
Her Grace with him might make much bolder.
This Prieſt was held a mighty Clark,
In myſteries profound and dark;
(*) Had skill in Phyſick, and was able
To tell Folks Fortunes by their Table.
Him ſhe conjures, intreats, and prayes,
With all the cunning that ſhe has,
Greaſes his Fiſt; nay more engages,
Thenceforth to mend his Quarters wages,
If he would but reſolve the doubt
That ſhe then came to him about.
But 't had been vain, had he been wiſer
Or to inſtruct, or to adviſe her,
(d) Alas, poor Prieſt! how fruitleſs is't
To judge by *Phys'nomy* or *Fiſt*,

(c) *Junoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia curæ.*
Ipſa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido, *&c.*
——— (*) *Spirantia conſulit exta.*
(d) *Heu vatum ignaræ mentes, quid vota furentem,*
Quid Delubra juvant? eſt mollis flamma medullas
Interea, & tacitum vivit ſub pectore vulnus.

Or

Or what do Prophecies avail
When Women have a whisk i'th Tail?
(e) *Dido* for love in woful wiſe,
Bubbles, and boyls, and broyls, and fries,
And in her am'rous Moods and Tenſes,
Even like one out of her ſenſes,
About the Town ſhe runs and reels,
With all the School-boys at her heels.
So have I ſeen in Paſtures fair,
Where Cattle educated are:
(f) An heifer young when ſhe doth itch,
With *Gad-breeze* ſticking in her breech,
From ſhady Brake on ſudden riſe,
And with her Tail erect to th'skies.
(g) Run through the field with frisks and kicks
In various capreols and tricks.
Some eaſe poor thing, alaſs, to find;
(h) When lo, the ſting ſticks faſt behind:
One while ſhe takes her (i) luſty Lover,
Meaning her paſſion to diſcover;
She leads him out from place to place,
And ſhews him all that e'r ſhe has;
Diſcloſes all her ſecret wealth,
And ſayes, if *Jove* ſend life and health,

(e) *Utitur infelix Dido, totâq; vagatur*
Urbe furens ——— ———
——— (f) *Qualis conjecta cerva ſagitta.*
Quam procul, &c.
——— (g) *Illa fuga ſylvas ſaltuſq; peragrat.*
——— (h) *Hæret lateri letalis arundo.*
(i) *Nunc media Æneam ſecum per mœnia ducit:*
Sidoniaſq; oſtentat opes, urbemq; paratam.

That

That ſhe (though ſimply there ſhe ſtand)
Will make that Living as good Land,
If ſhe continue but a while on't,
As any lies within five mile on't.
Then ſhe (k) begins to mump and ſmatter,
Willing to break into the matter,
And ask the queſtion when (alaſs!)
To ſee how things will come to paſs!
When ſhe moſt fain her mind would break,
She rather could have broke her neck
Then ſpeak a word, Vertue forſooth,
And modeſty ſo ſtopt her mouth.
(l) Over and over then ſhe treats
Him, and his Mates, with ſundry meats,
Whileſt *Trojans* round beſiege her boards,
Merry as *Greeks*, and drunk as Lords.
(m) And ſure as e'r they ſit to Table,
She calls again to hear *Troys* Fable:
Nay lov'd it ſo, that ſhe 'tis ſaid,
The Ballad then of *Troy-Town* made.
We owe her for't, and let us pay't her;
Who Engliſh it, was her Tranſlator.
(n) Now when with raking up the fire
Each one departs to *Bedfordſhire*:

(k) *Incipit effari, mediaque in voce reſiſtit,*
(l) *Nunc eadem labente die convivia quærit:*
(m) *Iliacóſque iterum demens audire labores*
Expoſcit, pendétque iterum narrantis ab ore.
(n) *Poſt ubi digreſſi, lumenque obſcura viciſſim*
Luna premit, ſuadéntque cadentia ſydera ſomnos:

And

And pillows all ſecurely ſnort on,
Like Organiſts of fain'd *Hogs-Norton*;
(o) *Dido*, poor Queen, alone doth lye,
Dreaming on true-loves *Phyſ'nomy*:
And in that humour ſhe the ſmall
(p) *Aſcanius* takes: *Troy*'s *Juvenal*;
And in her lap on tuft of Sorrel,
Laying the little wanton Gorrel,
Oft would ſhe ſighing ſay, *This Lad,*
Oh that he were but like his Dad!
This life the woful *Dido* led,
Eke at her Board, and eke at Bed,
(q) Her houſewifery no more regarding,
Neither her ſpinning nor her carding;
But like a Dame of wits bereaven,
Let all things go at ſix and ſeven.
Which when Queen *Juno* (for theſe two
Were Clove and Orange, you muſt know)
Perceiv'd, and that, then blind cheeks blinder,
She threw all care and ſhame behind her;

(o) *Sola domo mœret vacua, ſtratiſque relictis*
Incubat ——

(p) *Aut gremio Aſcanium, genitoris imagine capta*
Detinet, infandum ſi fallere poſſit amorem.

(q) *Non cœptæ aſſurgunt turres: non arma juventus*
Exercet portúſve aut propugnacula bello
Tuta parant; Pendent opera interrupta, minæque
Murorum ingentes, æquataque machina cœlo.
Quam ſimul ac tali perſenſit peſte teneri
Chara Jovis conjux, nec famam obſtare furori;
Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis:

She *Venus* in theſe words accoaſts,
(r) You, and your ſon may make your boaſts,
With ſhame enough, that god and goddeſs,
Like ſublunary Buſi-bodies,
To make a Woman light as Feather,
Do lay your learned heads together.
(s) 'Twas not for nought that I was ever
Afraid of your two coming hither.
You, and your little blinking Urchin
Againſt this Town have ſtill been lurking;
(t) But when ſhall we give o'r this puther.
And leave off vexing one another?
Be thou but nice, I'll be thy friend,
(u) Let's marry 'um and there's an end.
Thou haſt thy wiſh, thy little Archer
Has made our *Dido* mad as March-hare.
Then let us all old quarrels quit,
Leave being ſuch a peeviſh Tit:
(x) *Troy* Lads ſhall marry *Tyrian* Laſſes,
And we will be as merry as paſſes.

(r) *Tuque puérque tuus: magnum & memorabile nomen,*
Una dolo divum ſi fœmina victa duorum eſt.
(s) *Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te mœnia noſtra*
Suſpectas habuiſſe domos Carthaginis altæ.
(t) *Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?*
(u) *Quin potius pacem æternam, pactóſque hymenæos*
Exercemus? habes totâ quod mente petiſti.
Ardet amans Dido, traxitque per oſſa furorem;
Communem hunc ergo populum paribuſque regamus
Auſpiciis. ——————
—————— (x) *liceat Phrygio ſervire marito,*
Dotaleſque tuæ Tyrios permittere dextræ.

(y) *Venus*

(y) *Venus* who knew ſhe did but glaver,
For all the fine ſmooth words ſhe gave her,
And profer'd love's not worth a Cow-turd,
(You know) if ſpoke but from Teeth outward,
(z) Like cunning Quean in ſmiles array'd her,
And in her own Coyn thus ſhe paid her.
O *Juno* Queen, *Jove's* Bedfellow,
Who here above, or who below,
(a) With thee would quarrel or contend,
And not ſtill reſt thy loving friend?
I like the motion well, but that
(b) There's one main thing I ſtumble at;
And that in downright truth is this,
(*Jove* pardon if I think amiſs,)
I am afraid (this doubt I put ye
In deed-law now is ſomething ſmutty)
But I the ſcruple muſt not ſmother;
(Women you know, to one another
May freely ſpeak) I (here be't ſaid
'Twixt you and me) am ſore afraid,
My Son's ſo boyſterous, that he
Perchance may wrong your Majeſty.

(y) *Olli (ſenſit enim ſimulatâ mente locutam)*
(z) *Sic contra eſt ingreſſa Venus* ———
——— (a) *Quis talia demens*
Abnuat? aut tecum malit contendere bello?
(b) *Si modo quod memoras, factum fortuna ſequatur;*
Sed fatis incerta feror; Si Jupiter unam
Eſſe velit ———

(c) At that Queen *Juno* ſmil'd and ſaid.
Of that (Wench) never be afraid,
For if they once come one to th' other,
She'l ſcape as well as did her Mother:
If then that *Dido* and thy ſon,
To do as other Folks have done,
(d) Thou give conſent: (mark) and in few words,
Which ſhall be friendly words and true words;
I'll tell thee how I've caſt about,
And laid a plot to bring 'um to't.
(e) To morrow e'r the Sun (Heaven bleſs him)
Can ſee to riſe, at leaſt to dreſs him.
Æneas and the Queen have made,
(The Queen and he I ſhould have ſaid)
A march to go, after her wonting,
Into the Woods a Squirrel hunting:
Now I, whileſt all on every ſide,
The Thickets round are occupi'd:
And eagerly their Game are following,
As Hunters uſe, whooping and hollowing:
(f) Will cauſe big-bellied Clouds to powre
Upon their Coxcombs ſuch a ſhowre,

——— (c) *Quam ſic exceptit Regia Juno,*
Mecum erit iſte labor: ———
——— (d) *Nunc qua ratione, quod inſtat,*
Confieri poſſit, paucis (adverte) docebo.
(e) *Venatum Æneas, unaque miſerrima* Dido
In nemus ire parant, ubi primos craſtinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, *radiiſque retexerit orbem.*
(f) *His ego nigrantem commiſtâ grandine nimbum,*
Dum trepidant alæ, ſaltuſque indagine cingunt,
Deſuper infundam ———.

And

And will with Rain, and Hail ſo clout 'um,
They'll not have one dry thred about 'um.
(g) Beſides ſuch Thunder-claps ſhall burſt out,
As ſome of 'um ſhall ſmell the worſe for't.
(h) *Trojans* and *Tyrians* helter-skelter,
Will then all run to ſeek for ſhelter.
Then each one there will ſhift for one,
And leave the Queen and him alone.
(i) *Dido* and *Bilbo* in this Caſe,
Shall find a Cave as fit a place
For ſuch an uſe, ſo fine and dark,
That if *Æneas* be a ſpark,
They there in ſpite of all foul weather,
May *take a gentle touch* together:
So each of other may have proof,
(k) And marry after time enough.
Venus who very well could fadom
The bottom of this ſubtle Madam,
Soon ſmelt her practice, art and plot,
(For you muſt know the ſcent was hot)
Yet that ſhe might her malice blind,
And fit the Lady in her kind,
(l) See ſeems her free conſent to give,
And trips it, laughing in her ſleeve.

——— (g) *& tonitru cœlum omne ciebo.*
(h) *Diffugient comites, & nocte tegentur opacâ.*
(i) *Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojanus eandem*
Deveniant: adero, & tua ſi mihi certa voluntas,
Connubio jungam, &c.
(k) ——— *ſtabili, propriámque dicabo;*
Hic Hymenæus erit ———
——— (l) *Non adverſata petenti*
Annuit, atque dolis riſit Cytherea repertis.

(m) Mean while the Sun at it his courſe is,
Got up to dreſs and water's Horſes;
When out the merry Hunters come,
With them a Fellow with a Drum*,
Your *Tyrian* Squirrels will not budge elſe,
Well arm'd they were (n) with ſtaves & cudgels,
Tykes too they had of all ſorts, (o) Bandogs,
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs,
(p) Theſe for the Queen expecting tarry,
Who longer lay then ordinary;
For ſhe at night could take no eaſe,
She had been bit ſo ſore with Fleas.
(q) Her Mare well trapt of her own ſpinning,
Ty'd to the Pales ſtood likewiſe whining;
For why (as Poets ſing the Fable)
Her Foal was bolted up i'th' Stable.
(r) At laſt ſhe ſallies from the Houſe,
As fine and brisk as Body-Louſe.
(s) Shee Hood and Safe-guard had bran new,
The Lace was Yellow, Cloth was Blew:

* A very neceſſary inſtrument in Squirrel-hunting.

(m) *Oceanum interea ſurgens aurora reliquit:*
It portis jubare exerto delecta juventus:
Retia rara, plagæ ———
——— (n) *Lato venabula ferro,*
——— (o) *Et odora canum vis.*
(p) *Reginam thalamo cunctantem, ad limina primi*
Pœnorum expectant.
——— (q) *Oſtroque inſignis & auro*
Stat ſonipes, ac fræna ferox ſpumantia mandit.
(r) *Tandem progreditur.*
(s) *Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo,*

Faſt

Faſt to her Girdle, ty'd with thong,
(t) A Bunch of Keyes compleatly hung:
For why well knew the thrifty Queen,
That Servants ſtill have ſlippery been:
Which made her careful of her ſelf
Evermore keep her Keys her ſelf.
(u) With her *Iülus* came, that Stripling,
A youth e'n ſpoyl'd for want of whipping;
For's Father and his Fooliſh Grannam
Had ever made a Wanton on him:
(x) But when his Sire appear'd in play,
Mounted upon his Galloway,
'Tis ſaid by ſome that better knew him,
The reſt lookt like Tooth-Drawers to him:
(y) No ſprightly Groom ſo trim and trick is,
That juſt upon preferments prick is,
(z) As was *Æneas*, Stories ſay,
When clad in Clothes of Holy-day.
His Breeches ſav'd from *Troys* combuſtion
Were Kendal, and his Doublet Fuſtian;

(t) *Cui pharetra ex auro* ———
Aurea purpuream ſubnectit fibula veſtem.
——— ——— (u) *& lætus Iülus,*
——— (x) *ipſe ante alios pulcherrimus omnes*
Infert ſe ſocium Æneas ———
(y) *Qualis ubi hybernam Lyciam, Xanthique fluenta*
Deſerit, ac Delum maternum inviſit Apollo,
Inſtauratque choros: ———
——— ——— (z) *Mollique fluentem*
Fronde premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro:
——— ——— *Haud illo ſegnior ibat*
Æneas, *tantum egregio decus enitet ore.*

Pinckt with moſt admirable grace,
And richly laden with Green Silk lace.
(a) Athwart his brawny ſhoulders came
A Bauldrick made, and trimm'd with th'ſame;
Where Twibil hung with Basket hilt,
Grown ruſty now, but had been gilt:
Or guilty elſe of many a thwack,
With Dudgeon Dagger at his back.
Upon his head he wore a hat,
Inſtead of Sattin fac'd with fat,
Which being limber-grown, we find
Moſt ſwaſhingly pin'd up behind;
With brooch as gawdy and as tall,
As very foremoſt horſe of all.
In beſt apparel thus array'd,
They now begin their Cavalcade
Towards the Woods, (b) where being e'r long
Arriv'd (for 'twas not paſt a Furlong
From *Carthage*, as the Learn'd compute it,
And let who has been there, confute it)
They every way diſperſe themſelves,
To watch the little nimble Elves;
As who ſhould ſay, Come this, or that way,
T'other, or any way, have at ye.
The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,
And all the people fall a ſhouting,
Such peals they gave of Men and Boyes,
A man could hardly hear for noyſe;

(a) *Tela ſonant humeris* ——— ———
(b) *Poſtquam altos ventum in montes, atque invia ſaxa,*
Ecce feræ ſaxi dejectæ vertice ———

Nay

Nay *Dido* Queen, they ſwore that heard it,
Shouted as lowd as any there did.
(c)The frighted Squirrels ſtumps belabour
As they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabour;
Skipping and leaping in their dances
From Tree to Tree, o'r boughs and branches,
Now on the utmoſt top, and then,
At one leap at the root again.
(d) But young *Aſcanius* hops o'th' houſe,
Car'd not for Squirrelling a Louſe;
For he's, whilſt they are at their chace,
Playing at *Hide and Seek*, or *Baſe*,
Among his Mates, and wiſhes rather,
(And ſo the Stripling told his Father,)
For naughty Vermine, that would bite him,
Or Throſtle neaſt, though't did——
(e) Mean while the Clouds began to clatter,
And to poure down whole pales of water,

(c) *Decurrere jugis; alia de parte patentes*
Tranſmittunt curſu campos, atque agmina Sq(cervi) lis
Pulverulenta fuga, glomerant, montemq; relinquunt.
(d) *At puer* Aſcanius *mediis in vallibus acri*
Gaudet equo; jámq; hos curſu, jam præterit illos:
Spumantemq; dari (pecora inter inertia) votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvum deſcendere monte leonem.
(e) *Interea magno miſceri murmure cœlum*
Incipit: ——

The

The Thunder quite out-roar'd the Drum,
(f) And Hail-ſtones bigger then ones thumb
Came pelting down. Then all to ſave 'um,
Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'um.
Whilſt young *Aſcanius* and his Mates,
Were waſht and daſht like Water-Rats.
Fair *Dido* then for all her whoops,
Bang'd her old Mare about thee ſtoops,
And jogg'd her buttocks, though a Queen,
For fear of being wet to th' skin;
Nay ev'n *Æneas* ſelf, forgetting
His reputation, ſhrunk i'th' wetting,
And ran, or would have done at leaſt,
But that his Horſe, a ſober Beaſt,
Proceeded ſlow, with motion grave,
And crav'd the ſpur, in care to ſave
His Maſters neck, as ſome ſuppoſe,
Though his care was to ſave his cloaths.
He ſpurr'd; nor yet was *Dido* idle,
For gingle, gingle, went her Bridle,
(g) Till Fortune, or Dame *Juno* rather,
Clapt 'um into a Cave together.
The Cave ſo darkſome was, that I do
Think *Joan* had been as good as *Dido*:

(f) *Inſequitur commiſta grandine nimbus,*
Et Tyrii *comites paſſim, &* Trojana *juventus,*
Dardaniuſque nepos Veneris, diverſa per agros
Tecta metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes.
——*fulſere ignes*——

(g) *Speluncam* Dido, *dux &* Trojanus *eandem*
Deveniunt; prima & Tellus & pronuba Juno
Dant ſignum——

But

But ſo it was, in that hole they
Grew intimate as one may ſay:
The Queen was blith, as Bird in Tree,
And bill'd as wantonly, whilſt he
(h) By hinlock ſeizing faſt occaſion,
Slipt into *Dido*'s converſation:
And in that very place and ſeaſon,
'Tis thought *Æneas* did her reaſon,
(i) This ſport of miſchief much was cauſe,
For ſweet meat will have ſowre ſauce;
And there their time in Cave ſo ſpending,
Beginning was of *Dido*'s ending.
Her Majeſty now no more nice is;
(k) Nor ſeeks ſhe now by fine devices,
To hide her ſhame, but leads a life,
As if they had been (l) man and wife.
(m) At this a Wench call'd *Fame* flew out
To all the good Towns round about.
This *Fame* was daughter to a Cryer,
That whilom liv'd in *Carthage-ſhire*,

——————(h) *Conſcius æther*
Conjugii——————
(i) *Illa dies primus letbi, primúſque malorum*
Cauſa fuit.——
——————(k) *Neque enim ſpecie famáve movetur,*
Nec jam furtivum Dido *meditatur amorem.*
(l) *Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.*
(m) *Extemplo* Lybiæ *magnas it fama per urbes:*
Fama——————

(n) A little prating Slut, no higher,
When *Dido* firſt arriv'd at *Tyre*,
Then this——But in a few years ſpace
Grown up a luſty ſtrapping Laſs.
A long and laſie Queen I ween,
She was, brought up to Sew, nor Spin,
Nor any kind of Houſewifery,
To get an honeſt living by;
(o) But ſauntred idly up and down,
From Houſe to Houſe, and Town to Town;
To ſpie and liſten after news
Which ſhe ſo miſchievouſly brews;
That ſtill what e'r ſhe ſees or hears,
Sets Folks together by the ears.
(p) This Baggage that ſtill took a pride to
Slander and back-bite poor Queen *Dido*;
Becauſe the Queen once on detection,
Sent her to th' Manſion of Correction.
(q) Glad ſhe had got this tale by th' end,
Runs me about to Foe and Friend;

(n) *Parva metu primo, mox ſeſe attollit in auras:*
Ingreditúrque ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit.
Mobilitate viget, viréſque acquirit eundo.
——(o) *Pedibus celerem, & pernicibus alis:*
Cui tot vigiles oculi——
Tot linguæ, totidem ora ſonant, tot ſubrigit aures.
(p) *Monſtrum horrendum, ingens——*
(q) *Hæc tum multiplici populos ſermone replebat,*
Gaudens,——

(r) And

(r) And tells 'um that a Fellow came
From *Troy*, or ſuch a kind of Name,
To *Tyre*, about a Fortnight ſince,
Whom *Dido* feaſted like a Prince:
Was with her alwayes, day and night,
Nor could endure him from her ſight,
And that 'twas thought ſhe meant to marry him:
(s) At this rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd carrion!
(t) At laſt ſhe does t' *Iarbas* go,
(u) She never in ſuch things was ſlow,
And tells him all. Now this *Iarbas*,
For *Dido*'s love was in a hard caſe,
And had been long. Oft did he woe her,
And did the beſt he could do to her:
But ſtill in vain he broke his mind,
'Twas throwing ſtones againſt the wind;
For though ſhe wiſe and wealthy knew him,
Dido had nothing to ſay to him.
'Tis true, the field he had great Flocks on,
Sheep, Goats, and Cowes, Horſes, and Oxen;

(r) *Veniſſe Æneam Trojano à ſanguine cretum:*
Cui ſe pulchra vivo dignetur jungere Dido.
Nunc hyemem inter ſe luxu, quam longa, fovere,
Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.
(s) *Hæc paſſim dea fœda virum diffundit in ora.*
(t) *Protinus ad regem curſus detorquet* Iarbam:
(u) *Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.*
Hic Ammone ſatus ———
Centum aras poſuit ———
——— ——— *Pecudumq; cruore*
Pingue ſolum & variis florentia limina ſertis.

With

With money ſtore, and other riches;
But one foul flaw he had in's Breeches
That ſpoyl'd all; For ſhe had heard the thing,
One time as ſhe was Goſſiping:
As in ſuch matters, while you live,
Women will be inquiſitive:
Which was that he (as Story tells)
A Rupture had, or ſomewhat elſe:
But 'twas enough to make her hate him,
Nay even as 'twere abominate him.
When fame had told him of the *Trojan*,
(y) *Iarbas* took it in ſuch dudgeon,
Such high abuſe, and evil part,
He almoſt could have found in's heart,
T'have ta'n his Knife, or elſe his Hanger,
But yet the man had wit in's anger:
And ſince to curſe it was no boot,
He'd try if praying would not do't;
(z) And therefore thus in heavy chear,
Made his caſe known to *Jupiter*.
(a) O *Jupiter* moſt great and able,
Whoſe health I every day at Table,
Drink once or twice! Doſt thou (O where is
Thy ſight!) not ſee, what doings here is!

(y) *Iſque ameas animi, & rumore accenſus amaro.*
(z) *Dicitur ante aras* ———
Multa Jovem manibus ſupplex oraſſe ſupinis:
(a) *Jupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Mauruſia pictis*
Gens epulata toris Lenæum libat honorem,
Aſpicis hæc? an te genitor cum fulmina torques,
Nequicquam horremus? ———

(b) Shall

(b) Shall we when thou thunderſt, doſt think,
So as to ſowre all our drink;
And when the Clouds in Storms do burſt,
Not care, but bid thee do thy worſt!
(c) A wandring woman that had ſcarce
A rag to hang upon her ———
When ſhe came hither firſt; and wou'd
Have then been glad to work for food:
Is now forſooth, ſo proud (what elſe!)
And ſtands ſo on her pantables,
(d) That ſhe has ſaid me nay moſt ſlightly,
And (on the very nonce to ſpite me)
Has marry'd a ſpruce youth they ſay,
(Whom ſome ill wind blew that away)
One Squire *Æneas*; a great Kelf,
Some wandring Hang-man like her ſelf:
(e) And now this Swabber, by the maskins,
Has *Dido* by the Gally-Gaskins,
Whilſt I (for ſtill thou deafiſh art to't)
May pray, and pray, and pray my heart out.

——— ———(b) *Cæcique in nubibus ignes*
Terrificant animos ———
——— *Et inania murmura miſcent:*
(c) *Fœmina, quæ noſtris errans in finibus* ———
———(d) *Connubia noſtra*
Reppulit, ac dominum Æneam in regna recepit.
(e) *Et nunc ille Paris* ———
——— *Rapto potitur: nos munera templis*
Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.

(f) Thus

(f) Thus wofully *Iarbas* pray'd:
Whilſt *Jove* heard every word he ſaid;
And turning ſtraight his eyes to *Tyre*,
To look for *Dido*, and her ſquire,
All in a Chamber finely matted,
He very fairly ſpy'd 'um ſquatted.
At which as 'twere, ſomewhat in fury,
He calls his nimble youth *Mercury*,
And thus beſpake him; Sirrah, hear ye,
Put on the wings that uſe to bear ye,
Away to *Carthage*; there's a ſtranger,
A *Trojan* lies at Rack and Manger:
(h) Tell him from me that his ſmug Mother,
Did paſs her word that he another
Manner of life and converſation
Should lead, and leave this occupation.
(i) Or twice the *Grecian* Cavaleers
Had beaten's brains about his ears,

(f) *Talibus orantem dictis, arasque tenentem*
Audiit omnipotens; oculoſque ad mœnia torſit
Regia, & oblitos famæ melioris amantes.
(g) *Tunc ſic* Mercurium *alloquitur, ac talia mandat,*
Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, *& labere pennis,*
Dardaniumq; ducem, Tyria Carthagine *qui nunc*
Expectat——
Alloquere, & celeres defer mea dicta per auras.
(h) *Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem*
Promiſit——
——(i) *Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis.*

E'r this: and tell him more (*) that he,
Who means to conquer *Italy*,
Muſt with his work go through ſtitches,
And not run hunting after Bitches:
(k) But if he will not venture's pate,
A rap or two for an Eſtate,
As by his prancks it doth appear,
(l) Methinks though he might do't for's heir:
(m) Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,
To ſpend his time thus among Queans:
Not minding miſchiefs, nor miſhaps;
Nor fearing *Dido*'s after-claps.
(n) Bid him be trudging he were beſt;
If I come to him, I proteſt,
I'll ſend him packing elſe ſuch new-wayes,
He ſhall remember me theſe two dayes.
(o) This ſaid, *Jove* need not bid him twice,
Away he trips it in a trice;

(*) *Sed fore qui gravidam imperiis belloque frementem*
Italiam *regeret, genus alto à ſanguine Teucri*
Proderet, & totum ſub leges mitteret orbem.
(k) *Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,*
Nec ſuper ipſe ſuâ molitur laude laborem.
(l) *Aſcanione pater* Romanas *invidit arces,*
Nec prolem Auſoniam, & Lavinia reſpicit arva?
(m) *Quid ſtruit? aut qua ſpe inimica in gente moratur?*
(n) *Naviget: hæc ſumma eſt, hic noſtri nuncius eſto,*
(o) *Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat*
Imperio ——

(p) To make him ready to be gone:
And first his pumps he fastned on;
Which being neatly pinckt and cut,
And finely fitted to his foot:
Had Wings ty'd on with thongs of Leather,
Or Taching ends, I know not whether.
Which he could fly withal as well,
As he'd been brought up to't from th' shell.
(q) Then in his hand he takes a thick Bat,
With which he us'd to play at Kit-cat;
To beat mens Apples from their Trees,
With twenty other rogueries;
Besides (as Rake-hells will abuse dayes)
To throw at Cocks upon *Shrove-Tuesdays*.
(r) Thus dight he like a Partridge springs,
Cutting the air with nimble wings:
'Twas well his care had ty'd 'um fast,
Else ten to one he'd flown his last:
No Swallow could have over-gone him,
He flew as if a Hawk had flown him,
Until he saw a very high Hill,
A higher Hill by farr then my Hill;

(p) *Et primum pedibus talaria nectit*
Aurea: quæ sublimem alis sive æquora supra,
Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
(q) *Tum virgam capit; hac animas ille evocat Orco*
Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit,
Dat somnos adimitq, & lumina morte resignat.
(r) *Illa fretus agit ventos, & turbida tranat*
Nubila———

(s) *Atlas*

(s) *Atlas* 'twas call'd; So high a one
That *Pen-men maure's* a Cherry-stone
Compar'd: you could not thrust a knife
'Twixt Heaven and it, to save your life;
(t) It props the skie, as *Virgil* marks,
Or else 'tis thought we should have Larks:
(u) Here first did *Mercury* alight,
To bait, and rest him after's flight;
Where having prun'd his heels a little
And smooth'd his Plumes with * fasting spittle.
(x) From thence he took another freak,
As if he meant to break his neck.
(y) Even as a Hawk her self doth carry
From Kill-ducks place to stoop her Quarry:
So *Mercury* to mortal view,
Himself from *Atlas* headlong threw.
Stones cast by fam'd *Parisian* slinger,
Compar'd to him, would seem to linger;
And Arrows loos'd from *Grub-street* Bow
In *Finsbury*, to him are slow:

* 'Tis conceiv'd he did that before he baited.

——— (s) *Jamque volans apicem, & latera ardua cernit*
Atlantis duri, ———
——— (t) *Cœlum qui vertice fulcit.*
(u) *Hic primum paribus nitens* Cyllenius *alis*
Constitit:
(x) ——— *Huic toto præceps se corpore ad undas*
Misit; ———
(y) *vi similis quæ circum littora circum*
Piscosos scopulos humilis volat æquora juxta:
Haud aliter terras inter, cœlumq; volabat
Littus arenosum Lybiæ, *ventosq; secabat.*

Nay Lightning darted from above,
With flaming tail from angry *Jove*,
Would in compariſon appear,
To creep like lazie loyterer.
(z) The firſt place after this vagary,
He lighted on, was *Dido*'s Dairy;
Whence he *Æneas* ſoon did ſpie,
Ord'ring her Highneſs husbandry:
He took upon him as her Spouſe,
And vapour'd like the man o'th' houſe;
For all that time, as't came to paſs,
In quarrel high engag'd he was,
And ready in his fumigation
(As Hiſtories do make relation)
To fall to logger-heads, as't appears,
With a few ſaucie Carpenters:
Who building were a Houſe of Eaſe,
For *Dido* in neceſſities:
They would not follow his advice
(As Workmen ſtill are over-wiſe)
Which made him foam, and flirt out ſpittle,
Becauſe they made the holes too little.
(a) Down hanging by his ſide he had,
A dangerous bright-brown flaſhing Blade,
'T had been new furbuſht up at *Tyre*,
A better never paſs'd the fire.

(z) *In primum alatis tetigit Magnalia plantis;*
Aeneam fundantem arces, ac tecta novantem
Conſpicit: ——————
(a) *Illi ſtellatus jaſpide ſalva*
Enſis erat ——————

(b) A Jacket on his back he wore,
Lin'd through and through with Coney Furr,
Given as a Preſent by the Queen:
It had indeed her Husband's been;
But neither by the Nap, nor tearing,
Was it a pin the worſe for wearing.
This (as of either Queen or King,
Vile People will be cenſuring)
Was given *Æneas* for a Charm,
And though the Queen might think no harm;
Yet ſome have giv'n a parlous hint,
Of a ſtrange hidden vertue in't.
Ecquip't thus fine *Mercury* found him,
(c) And roundly in his ear thus round him.
Thou here thy ſelf moſt buſie makes,
In building for the Queen a Jakes;
But never think'ſt, ſuch is thy wiſeneſs,
What ſhall become of thine own buſineſs:
The Thunder-thumper, who by threaves,
Makes men to quake like Aſpen-leaves;
(d) He whom the reſt o'th' Gods do honour,
Has ſent me from *Olympus* Mannor,

(b) *Tyrioq; ardebat murice Læna*
Demiſſa ex humeris: Dives quæ munera Dido
Fecerat, & tenui telas diſcreverat auro.
(c) *Continuò invadit: tu nunc* Carthaginis *altæ*
Fundamenta locas, pulchramq; uxoribus urbem
Extruis, (heu!) regni rerumq; oblite tuarum.
Ipſe deûm tibi me claro demittit Olympo
Regnator, cœlum & terras qui numine torquet.
(d) *Ipſe hæc ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras,*
Quid ſtruis? aut quâ ſpe Lybicis teris otia terris?

To ask thee what thou do'ſt intend,
Thy time thus wickedly to ſpend;
And loyter here like a Hum-drum,
Not caring what thou doſt, nor whom.
(e) He ſayes, though fearful, as a ſtranger,
Thy Cox-comb thoul't not bring in danger,
To mend thy ſtate, nor get thy living
By any honeſt way of thriving: (care
(f) He thinks though thou mightſt take ſome
Of him that is thy Son and Heir,
And not thraſh here like Bore unworthy
When he has made proviſion for thee.
(g) *Mercury* vaniſht, having ſpoke as
Y'ave heard, like any *Hocus-Pocus*,
And homeward did forthwith aſpire,
Nor ever ſtay'd to drink at *Tyre*.
(h) But *Don Æneas* at the viſion
Was in a very ſad condition;
He could not ſpeak to Foe or Friend,
And eke his Hair did ſtand on end

(e) *Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum*
Nec ſuper ipſe tuâ —— *&c.*——
(f) *Aſcanium ſurgentem, & ſpes hæredis Iüli*
Reſpice: cui regnum Italiæ, Romanaq; tellus
Debentur.——
——— (g) *Tali Cyllenius ore locutus,*
Mortales viſus medio ſermone reliquit,
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.
(h) *At vero Æneas aſpectu obmutuit amens,*
Arrectæq; horrore comæ, & vox faucibus hæſit.

So

So ſtiff, it thruſt his Hat ſo far
Above his head into the air,
That a great Turky might have flown
Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown.
Half frighted out on's little wit;
(i) He now had eggs (i'faith) o'th' ſpit,
'Till he was gone: (k) But how (alaſs!)
To break the matter to her Grace,
He knew no more, the baſhful Groom,
Then did the furtheſt man of *Rome*:
(l) Nor could he frame him to begin,
T'appeaſe that loving ſoul the Queen:
For nought more vexes Womens blouds,
Then to be left ſo in the ſuds.
In this quandary, ſcratching's pate,
After a penſive long debate
He calls, at laſt, his Fellow-Rake-hells,
(n) And bids 'um get their tools and tackles,
Aboard their Wherries, and be heedful,
To lay in all things that were needful,

(i) *Ardet abire fuga* ——————
(k) *Heu! quid agat?* ——————
——————(l) *Quo nunc Reginam ambire furentem*
Audeat affatu? & quæ prima exordia ſumat?
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partéſque rapit varias ——————
(n) *Claſſem aptent taciti, ſocios ad littora cogant,*
Arma parent, ——————

Especially meat: (o) but stow it,
So secretly, that none might know it;
That on occasion in a trice Sir,
They might be gone, and none the wiser;
And since he humbly did conceive,
To steal away and take no leave,
Would be uncivil, and enough
To tear a heart though made of Buff:
He was resolv'd to take the Queen,
(p) When set upon some merry pin,
And tell her plain with vows most fervent,
He was her Graces humble Servant.
(q) But *Dido Carthage* Queen (for who
Can think to cheat a Woman so?)
Was soon I warrant you, aware
O'th' slippery trick he meant to play her.
'Tis true she ever had been jealous
Of all such vagrant kind of Fellows,
And kept her things safe under lock,
E'r since the stealing of her smock:
But now to add unto her fear,
She had it buzz'd into her ear
(r) By that mischievous prating Whore,
Fame, that I told you of before;

(o) *Et qua sit rebus causa novandis,*
Dissimulent: quando interea optima Dido
Nesciat: ——— ———
(p) *Et quæ mollissima fandi*
Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus ———
(q) *At Regina dolos (quis fallere posset amantem?)*
(r) *Præsensit, motusque excepit prima futuros,*
Omnia tuta timens ———

(s) Not

(s) Not, as they ſay, out of good will,
But to be brewing miſchief ſtill,
That he for all his fair pretences
(t) Had greas'd his Boots, and waſht his benches,
And now was ready ſet on wheels,
To ſhew a nimble pair of heels.
(u) This ſudden news, I do aſſure ye,
Put *Dido* in a deſp'rate fury,
And made her friſk about and gad,
That all her people thought her mad;
Whilſt ſhe from houſe to houſe did flie,
As ſhe had run with *Hue* and *Crie*.
(x) Even as a Philly never ridden,
When by the Jockie firſt beſtridden,
If naughty Boy do thruſt a Nettle
Under her Dock, to try her mettle,
Does riſe and plunge, curvet and kick,
Enough to break her riders neck;
Even ſo Queen *Dido* at that tide,
Laying all Majeſty aſide,
Play'd ſuch mad freaks, that well were they
Could furtheſt get out of her way.
Thus flinging round from place to place,
At laſt, to make it ſhort, her Grace

(s) *Eadem impia fama furenti*
Detulit——
(t) *Armari claſſem, curſumque parari.*
(u) *Sævit inops animi, totamque incenſa per urbem*
Bacchatur——
(x) *Qualis commotis excita ſacris*
Thyas, *ubi audito ſtimulant Trieterica* Bacchо
Orgia, nocturnuſque vocat clamore Cythæron.

Finds

Finds me amongſt a crew of Mad-Caps,
Æneas, at one Mother *Red-Caps*.
Well overta'n (quoth ſhe) half weeping,
(y) *Æneas*, thou'rt a precious Pepin,
To think to ſteal ſo ſlily from me,
When thou haſt had thy foul will o' me, (chee,
(z) Could not my love (thou Knave) have ſtaid
Nor yet the promiſe thou haſt made me:
Nor that thou know'ſt if thou wert gone
My work would all be left undone;
But that thou'lt ſlink away, thou Varlet,
And leave me like forſaken Harlot?
(a) In Winter too, o'r bluſt'ring Seas,
When it 'twixt two a Bed doth freeze?
(b) What though thou hadſt as thou haſt none,
A Houſe to go to, of thine own,
Couldſt find yet in thy heart to b'reave me
Of thy dear Company, and leave me?
(c) By this laſt Rhume thou ſeeſt, that wets
My cheeks, and by thy hand that ſweats,

(y) *Tandem his Æneam compellat vocibus ultrò;*
(z) *Diſſimulare etiam ſperaſti perfide, tantum*
Poſſe nefas? tacitúſq; meâ decedere terrâ,
Nec te noſter amor, nec te data dextera quondam
——— *Tenet?* ———
(a) *Quinetiam hyberno moliris ſydere claſſem,*
Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum:
Crudelis, ———
——— (b) *Quid ſi non arva aliena, domóſque*
Ignotas peteres? ———
Mene fugis? ———
——— (c) *Per ego has lachrymas, dextrámque tuam te,*
Per Connubia noſtra, per incæptos hymenæos,

I'm

I'm brief, by the whole matters Carriage
And by the Earneſt of our Marriage:
And by thoſe ſweet delights we ſtole,
When the rain drove thee into th' hole;
(d) If ought there pleas'd thee, or ſince any
Other delights, as we have had many,
I do beſeech thee *Trojan* fine,
Not to undo both me, and mine.
(e) For thy ſweet ſake the Knaviſh *Lydians*,
The *Tyrians*, and the vile *Numidians*,
In midſt of which is my abode,
Hate me, as one would hate a Toad.
For thee I firſt forewent all ſhame,
(f) And that I liv'd by my good name,
And wilt thou having ſpent thy ardour,
And eat me out of houſe and harbour,
(g) So baſely to my foes betray me,
And neither ſtay with me, nor pay me?

(d) *Si bene quid te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam*
Dulce meum, miſerere domos labentis ———
Oro ſi quis adhuc precibus locus ———
(e) *Te propter* Lybicæ *gentes, Nomadumque Tyranni*
Odere inſenſi Tyrii; *te propter eundem*
Extinctus pudor ———
——— (f) *Et quâ ſolâ ſidera adibam,*
Fama prior ———
——— (g) *Cui me moribundam deſeris hoſpes.*

(h) No

(h) No ſooner ſhall thy back be turn'd
But all my Building will be burn'd;
That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,
Or elſe *Iarbas* here will ta' me,
If (as we oft have ventur'd it,)
I had but a big belly yet,
A little *Trojan* coming on,
To play withal when thou art gone,
Then let the Rogues do what they durſt do,
I ſhould have ſomething yet to truſt to.
Æneas ta'ne thus baſely tardy,
(i) Turn'd pale, and like a ſtickt Pig ſtar'd ye:
He could not ſtand upright but lean,
One might have fell'd him with a Bean;
Nay he was ſtruck ſo at her ſpeeches,
Some ſay he did defile his breeches,
His bowels did ſo yearn upon her;
But being that may wound his honour,
I'll not affirm it; but proceed
To tell you what he ſaid and did;
Much was he mov'd at *Dido*'s words (ſwords:
Which ſtab'd him through and through like
Much griev'd to ſee her weep and ſob ſo,
To throw about her ſnor, and throb ſo:

(h) *Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum mœnia frater*
Deſtruat? aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas?
Saltem ſiqua mihi de te ſuſcepta fuiſſet
Ante fugam ſoboles, ſiquis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Æneas ———
Non equidem omnino capta, aut deſerta viderer.
——— (i) *Ille immota tenebat*
Lumina, & obnixus curam ſub corde premebat.

But

But *Merc'ries* Meſſage more prevailing
Then her colloguing or her railing,
After a many fine good-morrows,
(k) He thus began to ſalve her ſorrows.
Should I (quoth he) O Queen deny,
That thou'rt the flower of Curteſie;
Or any ſlanders vile contrive,
I were the baſeſt Knave alive.
I muſt confeſs that thou, O Queen,
To me and to us all haſt been
More like a Mother then a friend,
So much I'll ſay, and there's an end;
(l) And if I ever do forget ye,
Or fail to drink a Health to *Betty*,
Let me be hang'd as high, or higher
Then top of *Carthage* Steeple Spire:
(m) Few words are beſt; if you'l be civil,
I'll tell the truth, and ſhame the Devil.
(n) I ne'r had thought much leſs deſire
Baſely to build a Sconce at *Tyre*,

(k) *Tandem pauca refert, Ego te, quæ plurima fanda*
Enumerare vales, nunquam Regina negabo
Promeritam ———
——— (l) *Nec me meminiſſe pigebit* Eliſæ,
Dum memor ipſe mei, dum ſpiritus hos reget artus.
(m) *Pro re pauca loquor:* ———
——— (n) *Nec ego hanc abſcondere furto*
Speravi (ne finge) fugam ———

And

And ſteal away from thee my honey.
(o) But for the thing call'd Matrimoney,
Although I did the thing you wot,
Jove be my Judge I meant it not.
Indeed I took it for a kindneſs,
To be familiar with your Highneſs.
But if I ever thought of other,
Then one good turn requires another;
Or on ſuch terms e'r gave my fiſt,
I'm th' arrantſt Rogue that ever piſt.
(p) I muſt confeſs that if it lay,
In my own power, as one may ſay,
That I had ſome good bargain made
And bound my ſon here to a Trade,
Plac'd all my followers, and therefore
Had no one but my ſelf to care for,
I would as willing match with you,
As any Woman that I know:
(q) But as things ſtand, I needs muſt follow
The Counſel of my friend *Apollo*,
Who ſends me word I muſt convey me
To *Lucia* with all ſpeed that may be,
Where by a dainty Rivers ſide,
A Farm lies ready cut and dry'd,

(o) *nec conjugis unquam*
Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.
(p) *Me ſi fata meis paterentur ducere vitam*
Auſpiciis, & ſponte meâ componere curas.
(q) *Sed nunc* Italiam *magnam Gryneus* Apollo,
Italiam Lyciæ *juſſere capeſſere ſortes,*
Hic amor, hæc patria eſt——

Will

Will hold both me, and all my meany,
And cheap as forty eggs a penny,
There then in downright truth do I
Intend to live and occupy;
(r) And if ſo be that you, who are ſage,
Delight ſo in your Town of *Carthage:*
Why ſhould it be in us ſo great ſin,
Who have no Houſe to thruſt our heads in
To travel to a foreign Nation,
For ſome convenient habitation?
(s) I can no ſooner go anights
To Bed (*Jove* bleſs us all from ſprights)
But that e'r I can frame to ſnore,
My Fathers Ghoſt comes through the dore,
Though ſhut as ſure as hands can make it,
And leads me ſuch a fearful racket;
I ſtew all night in my own greaſe,
So that your Maids may, if they pleaſe,
Wring from the ſhirt wherein I wallow,
Each morning-tide, as much good tallow
As well would liquor all their ſandals,
And make beſide ſix pound of Candles.

(r) *ſi te* Carthaginis *arces*
Phœniſſam, Lybicæque *aſpectus detinet urbis,*
Quæ tandem Auſoniâ Teucros conſidere terrâ
Invidia eſt? & nos fas extera quærere Regna.
(s) *Me patris Anchiſæ, quoties humentibus umbris*
Nox operit terras, quoties aſtra ignea ſurgunt,
Admonet in ſomnis, & turbida terret Imago;
Me puer Aſcanius———

And

And all this is to have me gone,
And not ſtay here t'undo my Son;
(t) Beſides not paſt an hour ago,
Jove ſent his Lackquay to me too;
I ſaw him fly, I'll (u) take my oath,
(And man has but his Faith and Troth)
As plainly o'r your Dairy top,
As e'r I ſaw him on the Rope:
And heard him ſpeak as plain but e'n now,
As I hear you, or you hear me now.
(x) Then let me be ſo much beholding,
Unto your Grace to leave your ſcolding;
For I this Voyage undertake,
Even like a Bear that's drawn to th' Stake.
(y) This ſaid, the Queen in wrathful wiſe,
Rowling about her goggle eyes,
As ſhe would throw 'um in his face,
Unto her fury thus gave place.
Stinkard (quoth ſhe) now thy falſe heart
Shews what a cheating Knave thou art:

(t) *Nunc etiam interpres divum* Jove *miſſus ab ipſo*
——— *Celeres mandata per auras*
Detulit ——— ———
(u) *Teſtor utrumque caput* ——— ———
——— ——— *Ipſe Deum manifeſto in lumine vidi*
Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hauſi.
(x) *Deſine meq; tuis incendere teque querelis;*
Italiam *non ſponte ſequor.*
(y) *Talia dicentem jamdudum averſa tuetur,*
Huc illuc, volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis, & ſic accenſa profatur.

The

The ſymptoms of a Rogue thou haſt all,
Thou a true *Trojan*, thou a Raſcal!
(z) No Man or Woman of good faſhion,
E'r couple for thy procreation;
But whelpt thou wert of Tinkers Bitch,
Under ſome Hedge, or in ſome Ditch:
Nay, I'll not balk you Sir; nor care,
For all you look ſo big and ſtare:
Let thy foul hide with malice burſt,
I do defie thee, do thy worſt.
(a) In ſtead of ſighing in this caſe,
Full ſowre thou belcheſt in my face;
And thou ſo ſtubborn art and canker'd,
Thou ſhedſt no tears, but tears o'th' Tankerd.
Hadſt thou but counterfeited paſſion,
To ſignifie commiſeration,
Or offer'd but a ſowre face, it
Had been a ſign of ſome ſmall grace yet;
But like a Logger-headed Lubber,
Thou grinning ſtandſt, and ſeeſt me blubber;
(b) And *Jove* nor *Juno*, for ought I ſee,
Will neither of 'um both chaſtiſe thee.

(z) *Nec te diva parens, generis nec Dardanus author*
Perfide: ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera Tigres.
Nam quid diſſimulo? ———
(a) *Num fletu ingemuit noſtro? num lumina flexit?*
Num lacrymas victus dedit? aut miſeratus amantem eſt?
———(b) *Jamjam nec maxima* Juno,
Nec Saturnius *hæc oculis pater aſpicit æquis.*

(c) There's no truth in this Age we live in:
A wand'ring Beggar hither driven;
Who had, when weak as he could crawl,
No croſs to bleſs himſelf withal;
I have receiv'd to Bed and Board,
Feaſted, and clad him like a Lord,
(d) And (like a ſimple hair-bran'd Jade)
This Youth hail-fellow with me made:
And now forſooth he cannot ſtay,
Apollo bids him run away.
(e) Nay though I have in friendly wiſe
Cur'd his mens Scabs, and kill'd their Lice:
Yet having now fall'n to his lot,
A good rich Farm lies piping hot:
Should he ſtay here, it would undo him,
And *Jove* has ſent his Foot-man to him;
As if the Deities were ſo
Concern'd, they'd nothing elſe to do,
But ſend their Lacquayes and their Pages,
To him on How-de's and Meſſages.
But I'll waſte on thee no more breath,
For whom the wind that fumes beneath,

(c) *Nuſquam tuta fides! ejectum littore egentem*
Excepi,——
——(d) *Et regni demens in parte locavi:*
——*Nunc augur* Apollo.
(e) *Amiſſam claſſem, ſocios à monte reduxi.*
(f) *Nunc* Lyciæ *ſortes, nunc &* Jove *miſſus ab ipſo*
Interpres divûm fert horrida juſſa per auras;
Scilicet is ſuperis labor eſt, ea cura quietos
Sollicitat——

Is

Is far too ſweet: Avant thou ſlave!
Thou lying Cony-catching Knave,
Be moving, do as thou haſt told me!
(g) No body here intends to hold thee!
(h) Go! ſeek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be
I'th' very bottom of the Sea:
But ſhould'ſt thou ſcape, and not in Dike lye,
Drown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,
Since in the Proverb old 'tis found,
Who's born to hang, will ne'r be drown'd:
Yet ſhould'ſt thou not be much the nigher,
(i) I'll haunt thee like a going fire,
As ſoon as I can turn t' a Ghoſt,
Which will be in a Week at moſt:
Then in the mid-night ſleep I'll wake thee,
And ride thee worſe then any Hackney.
I'll terrifie thee day and night;
Nay if thou do'ſt but go to ——
There will I ſtand with flaming Taper,
To Fizze thy Tail in ſtead of Paper.
(k) I'll make thee rue the time that e're
Thou cam'ſt to play thy Knaves tricks here.

(g) *Iſequere* Italiam *ventis* ——
—— *Neque te teneo* ——
—— (h) *Pete regna per undas.*
Spero equidem medio ——
Supplicia hauſurum ſcopulis ——
—— (i) *Sequar atris ignibus abſens:*
Et cum frigida mors anima ſeduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero. ——
—— (k) *Dabis improbe pœnas.*

(l) In middle of this wrathful ſpeech
Down drops Queen *Dido* on her Breech:
Her mouth was ſtopt, and on the ground
She ſilent lay in doleful ſwound:
Shut were her eyes; nor had ſhe hearing,
For what *Æneas* was (m) preparing,
Upon this pitiful occaſion,
To ſay in's own juſtification.
In haſte the *Trojans* all advance
To 'wake her Grace out of her Trance;
They try'd to raiſe her in ſuch ſort,
As when men cry, *Le corps eſt mort:*
But here the Charm would not prevail,
They could not raiſe her from her tail:
For though full light when her own Woman,
Yet in this heavy dump was no man
Could raiſe her up, though ne'r ſo mighty,
Sorrow had made her bum ſo weighty.
(n) At laſt a crew of ſtrapping Jades,
That were, or ſhould have been her Maids,
Gath'ring her up, away convey'd her,
And having in her own Bed laid her,
With Ruggs they boulſter'd her about,
To try if ſhe could ſweat it out.

(l) *His medium dictis ſermonem abrumpit & auras*
Ægra fugit ——— ———

(m) *Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem*
Dicere ——— ———

——— (n) *Suſcipiunt famulæ, collapſáq; membra*
Marmoreo referunt thalamo, ſtratiſque reponunt.

(o) *Æneas*

(o) *Æneas* though 'twas his deſire,
Something t' have ſaid might pacifie her,
And though his heart did bleed within him,
To think of what had paſt between 'um,
(p) Yet becauſe *Jove* ſo loud did threaten,
He ſooner durſt his nails have eaten,
Having ſo terribly been chidden,
Then not t' have done as he was bidden.
Therefore in haſte his Hoſteſs beck'ning,
To come and bring 'um in a reck'ning:
Straight to the Wharff repairs the hot-ſhot,
(q) Without once calling for his ſhot-pot
The *Trojans* now by his Commiſſion,
Lanch all their Boats with expedition;
You now upon the Ocean might ſee,
(r) The new greas'd wherries ſwim moſt lightly,
They had new made 'um fine long Poles,
New pitcht their Oars, and made new thoules;
Though many things were left undone,
(s) They were ſo eager to be gone.

(o) *At pius Æneas, quanquam lenire dolentem*
Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas,
Multa gemens, magnoq; animum labefactus amore:
(p) *Juſſa tamen divûm exequitur* ——
—— (q) *Claſſémq; reviſit.*
Tum vero Teucri incumbunt & littore celſas
Deducunt toto naves: ——
—— (r) *Natat uncta carina:*
Frondentéſq; ferunt remos, & robora ſilvis
Infabricata ——
—— (s) *Fuga ſtudio.*

(t) Then might you see 'um make their Sallies
From *Carthage* Town, through Lanes and Allies,
Stealing away with lewd intentions,
To cheat the *Tyrians* of their Pensions,
Fearing their Landladies would brabble,
And dun 'um for their Quarters Table.
(u) As Hedg-hogs when they go to th' Wood,
To fetch a hoard of Winter food,
Return well laden with their Victles,
Fine yellow Crabs stuck round their prickles:
Even so the *Trojans* without doubt,
Were at this season hung about
With Fardles, Bundles, Bags, and Wallets,
To cloath their Backs, and feed their Pallats.
(x) But what thought *Dido* in this case,
When thus she saw them slink their wayes.
From Garret-Window saw 'um row,
And heard 'um crying *Eastward Hoe*!
(y) To see how love makes Folks do things,
Against the Hair, against the shins!

(t) *Migrantes cernas, totâque ex urbe ruentes.*
(u) *Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum*
Cum populant, hyemis memores, tectoque reponunt.
——It campis agmen, prædámque per herbas
Convectant calle angusto, pars grandia trudunt
Obnixæ frumenta humeris, pars——
(x) *Quis tibi tunc* Dido *cernenti talia sensus?*
——Cum littora fervere late
Prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque videres
Miscevi ante oculos tantis clamoribus æquor.
(y) *Improbe* AMOR, *quid non mortalia pectora cogis?*

For

For ſhe though full of Indignation,
To be forſaken in this faſhion;
And had ſhe known but how to get him,
Could doubtleſs without ſalt have eat him:
Yet ne'rtheleſs, Love over-ruling,
(z) She fell again to her old puling;
And once more meant to try if pity
Would not recall him to the City.
(a) Look thee (quoth ſhe) where he (my *Nancy*)
Whoſe able parts I do much fanſie,
Has truſt up all his Tools together,
To carry 'um the Lord knows whither.
(b) Hark how his Rabble Gang do ſhout,
And ſhove a ſtern to haſten out;
A rout of baſe unthankful Peaſants!
The Devil cut their yelping weazens:
The bawling Raſcals egg him on,
And make him madder to be gone.
Had I once dreamt the *Tearing* Devil
Could ever have been ſo uncivil,
Thus like a Jade to break his Teather;
I ſhould have kept my legs together:
Or have made bold t' have ty'd him faſter,
To the due limits of his Paſture:

(z) *Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando*
Cogitat.——
Nequid inexpertum fruſtra moritura relinquat.
(a) Anna, *vides toto properari littore circum:*
——(b) *Vocat jam carbaſus auras,*
Puppibus & læthi naves impoſuere coronas.

(c) But ſince he holds me at this diſtance,
I beg thy ſiſterly aſſiſtance:
Thou know'ſt the temper of the Block-head,
And to a hair canſt fit his pocket:
Therefore (dear *Nancy*) I implore thee,
If e'r thou'lt do any thing for me,
(d) Run to the Wharff with might and main,
And try to bring him back again:
I promiſe thee, and if I break
My word; pray *Jove* I break my neck.
(e) If thou canſt bring him to my Bow,
I'll give thee for thy pains a Cow.
(f) Tell him I e'r had more diſcretion,
Then to joyn iſſues with the *Grecian*:
I neither did meddle nor make,
But *as they brew'd, ſo let them bake*:
Nor did I e'r make Skittle-pin-bones,
Or Bobbins of *Anchiſes* ſhin-bones:
Why ſhould he then without all ſenſe,
Thus uſe me like a Kitchin-wench?

(c) *Soror miſeræ hoc tamen unum*
Exequere Anna *mihi*; *ſolam nam perfidus ille*
Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere ſenſus.
Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora noras.
(d) *I ſoror atque hoſtem ſupplex affare ſuperbum.*
(e) *Extremam hanc oro veniam* (*miſerere ſororis*)
Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulatam morte remittam.
(f) *Non ego cum* Danais Trojanam *exſcindere gentem*
Aulide juravi, claſſémve ad Pergama *miſi:*
Nec patris Anchiſæ *cineres manéſve revelli.*
Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures?

(g) I

(g) I would but beg one kindness from him:
(h) I will no more claim promise on him:
But only that he'l tarry here,
Half, or a Quarter of a Year;
Whereby I may, before he go,
(i) Wean my self from a Bed-fellow:
Or (if my constitution can
Not well subsist without a man)
Until I can my self supply,
With one to do my drudgery.
I'll ask no further obligation,
(k) But let him to his Navigation;
He may to *Latium* then address,
And swim or sink, all's one to *Bess*.
(l) Scarce had the woful *Dido* done,
When *Nan* prepar'd her to be gone,
She tachs her Coats about her hanches,
And to the Water-side advances:
She tript so neatly to the Pyre,
It would have done one good to see her:
One would have thought she'd gone in hast,
Midwife to fetch, she went so fast.
At last she came unto the place
Where *Dido*'s dear *Æneas* was;

——— (g) *Extremum hoc miseræ det munus amanti.*
(h) *Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro;*
Tempus inane peto, requiem, spaciumque ———
(i) *Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolore.*
(k) *Nec pulchro ut* Latio *careat regnumq; relinquat.*
(l) *Talibus orabat, talesque miserrima fletus*
Fertque refertque soror ———

She

She found him ſit amongſt his Mates,
The reſt o'th' *Trojan* Runagates,
Pufft like a Foot-ball with vain-glory,
Roaring and drinking tory lory;
Like one that knew a pot i'th' pate,
Would be a mile or two i'th' Gate.
The *Trojan* had no ſooner ſpide her,
But though he could not well abide her,
Yet 'cauſe he would part fairly with her,
He askt what Wind had blown her thither.
She putting finger in the eye,
(As Women when they liſt can cry)
Told him in what a ſad condition,
Her Siſter was: her laſt Petition,
And pray'd him as he was a true Man,
Not to undo a proper Woman.
(n) But ſhe might e'n have ſav'd her juice,
And kept her tears for better uſe.
(o) His reſolution ſtill oppoſes,
He would go ſpite of all their noſes;
(p) And like to hemp, which, as I take it,
The more you twiſt, you ſtronger make it:

——— ——— (n) *Sed nullus ille movetur*
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractibilis audit.
——— *Lachymæ volvuntur inanes.*
(o) *Fata obſtant*, &c. ———
(p) *Ac veluti annoſam valido cum robore quercum*
Alpini Boreæ nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
Eruere inter ſe certant, &c. ———
Ipſa hæret ſcopulis, &c. ———
Haud ſecus aſſiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros
Tunditur ——— ———
Mens immota manet ——— ———

Even

Even ſo, the more ſhe try'd to twind him,
She ſtill more obſtinate did find him.
(q) Then *Dido* madder grew and madder,
No friend ſhe had could now perſwade her;
She ſtamp'd and ſtar'd, as ſhe were Wood,
And in her melancholy Mood,
Calling to mind in woful wiſe,
Æneas and his treacheries,
How often he had ſtab'd her honour,
That men would now make Ballads on her;
She was reſolv'd without delay,
(r) Fairly to make her ſelf away,
And meant to put her reſolution
Into moſt tragick execution.
She had alaſs! too juſt incitement
Thus to prefer her own Indictment;
And reaſon good, by all relation,
Thus to proceed to condemnation:
For ſuch portents, and dire præſages,
As ſtill have been Diſaſters Pages,
Foretold her overthrow ſo plainly,
She ſaw t' oppoſe it, would in vain be.
(s) She call'd to waſh, and do you think,
The Water turn'd as black as Ink;

(q) *Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita* Dido.
(r) *Mortem orat: tædet cœli convexa tueri,*
Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucémque relinquat.
(s) *Vidit thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,*
Horrendum dictu, latices nigreſcere ſacros,
Fuſaq; in obſcœnum ſe vertere vina cruorem.
Hoc viſum nulli, non ipſi effata ſorori.

And

And that by chance being Cherming-day,
Her Cream moſt ſtrangely turn'd to Whay!
This *Dido* ſaw, but would by no means
Tell her own Siſter of the omens.
But that which gave the moſt perſwaſion,
Unto her full determination,
Was this: (t) ſhe kept *Sichæus* bones
In a great Coffer made o'th' nonce,
As ſundry others have done the like,
By way of Superſtitious Relick,
In a dark Cellar under ground,
(u) From whence each night a diſmal ſound,
Pierc't *Dido*'s tender ear, and wiſht her,
Nay like a husband admoniſht her,
To fit her for her latter end,
For why he told her, as a friend,
That in a very ſhort ſpace, ſhe
Should of this World, no Woman be.
(x) The Scrich-Owls too, were her moleſters,
Who ſtill were chanting out their Veſpers:
(y) Beſides ſhe had her Fortune told her
When 'bout ſome dozen or ſo, no older;
That ſhe ſhould but one Husband have,
And after that a ſcurvey Knave,

(u) *Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis*
Viſa viri; nox cum terras obſcura teneret.
(x) *Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo*
Sæpe queri ——
(y) *Multaque præterea vatum prædicta priorum*
Terribili monitu horrificant ——

Should

Should ſteal her honour like a Thief,
And make her hang her ſelf for grief:
Theſe ſad portents falling ſo thick,
And pat on one anothers neck,
Put the poor Queen beſide her ſenſes,
As a juſt Plague for her offences.
(z) She dreams *Æneas* now is going,
Like a falſe friend to her undoing,
And that ſhe muſt when *Trojan* goes,
For ever loſe her play-fellows.
Which to a Womans cauſe ſufficient,
Let her be ne'r ſo well condition'd,
To raiſe her to extravagancies,
When ſhe muſt part with what ſhe fanſies.
(a) Even as a Bitches fury up is,
When people come to ſteal her Puppies:
So far'd the wrathful Queen that day,
When *Bilbo* muſt be ta'n away:
She was ſo much concern'd about him,
She could not, would not, live without him:
But in her deſp'rate reſolutions,
(b) Would hang her ſelf to trie concluſions.

(z) *agit ipſe furentem*
In ſomnis ferus Æneas, ſemperq́ relinqui
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam

(a) *Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,*
Aut Agamemnonius *ſcenis agitatus Oreſtes,*
Illa ita concepit furiis

(b) *Decrevitq́ mori tempus ſecum ipſa modumq́*
Exigit, & mœſtam dictis aggreſſa ſororem,
Conſilium vultu tegit, ac ſpem fronte ſerenat

The

The time and manner ſhe projected,
And that ſhe might not be ſuſpected,
She ſmug'd her viſage up with ſmiles,
And thus her Siſter *Nan* beguiles.
(c) *Nancy* (quoth ſhe) I've found at laſt
A way, for all *Æneas* haſte;
If thou in the exploit wilt joyn,
Shall pay him back in his own Coin,
And bring him back by our contriving,
Since he's ſo goodly, Dead, or Living.
Seeing the Rogue my love diſgraces,
I'll ſpoyl his ſport in other places.
(d) A mile from hence, or ſuch a ſpace,
Down in a bottom lies a place,
Farr out of all High-wayes and Roads,
Where nothing breeds, but Frogs and Toads,
Snakes, Adders, and ſuch wicked Vermin,
That (can they catch 'um) will not ſpare men:
There in a Cave lies an old (e) wretch,
An ugly rotten toothleſs Witch,
So old that one would think ſhe were,
The eldeſt Devil's Grand-mother.

(c) *Inveni germana viam (gratare ſorori)*
Quæ mihi reddat eum,——
——*Vel eo me ſolvat amantem.*
(d) *Oceani finem juxta, ſolemq; cadentem,*
Ultimus Æthiopum locus eſt; ubi maximus Atlas
Axem humero torquet,—— ——
(e) *Hinc mihi* Maſſylæ *gentis monſtrata ſacerdos,*
Heſperidum templi cuſtos; epulaſque draconi
Quæ dabat,——
Spargens humida mella ſoporiferumque papaver.

(f) Now

(f) Now this old Beldame can do wonders,
If ſhe but ſay the word, it Thunders,
Lightens, or Rains, or Hails, or Snows
Or any weather you'l ſuppoſe.
She'l make a Cowl-ſtaff, by her ſpelling,
Amble like any double Gelding;
And in the dead o'th' night the baſe Hag,
Can of a Cudgel make a Race-Nag:
A Walnut ſhe to Sea can rig out,
And of an Egg-ſhel make a Friggot;
Nay in a Thimble ſtemm the Flood,
Provide the Thimble be of Wood.
She can, where ſhe does owe a ſpight,
Spoyl any Bridegrooms wedding-night,
And the Brides longing diſappoint,
By vertue of a Codpiece-point.
She can make people love or hate,
Ev'n whom ſhe pleaſe, and at what rate;
And by her Magick and her Spells,
Make Folks, or hang, or drown themſelves.
In ſhort, there's nothing that has ill in't,
But ſhe has admirable skill in't;
And does her miſchiefs too as quick,
As any Jugler does a trick.

(f) *Hæc ſe carminibus promittit ſolvere mentes*
Quas velit; aſt alias duras immittere curas:
Siſtere aquam fluviis, & vertere ſidera retro;
Nocturnoſque ciet manes; mugire videbis
Sub pedibus terram, & deſcendere montibus ornos.

(g) I

(g) I take the gods to witneſs Siſter,
I'm led into this courſe ſiniſter,
Out of no end men wicked call;
But only for revenge, that's all.
And ſince I am ſo baſely croſt,
I'll have this Hag, or it ſhall coſt
More then I'll ſpeak of; ſhe perchance
May lead my *Trojan* ſuch a dance,
Shall make him glad as faſt as may be,
To come again, and cry *peccavi*;
Or make him hang himſelf at leaſt,
For an example to the reſt
O'th' tribe of falſe diſſembling Yeomen,
That take a pride to ruine Women:
And by good luck ſhe's now hard by here,
Come not an hour ago to *Tyre*,
Sent for it ſeems about no ill deed,
To bleſs a Sow that lies in Child-bed,
And I'll go fetch her by her favour
With a *Sub-pœna*, but I'll have her.
(h) In the mean time go thou and tie
Faſt to the great beam, where I lie,
The beſt new Halter thou canſt chooſe,
And make a dainty running nooſe;
Like that fell to the Fellow's ſhare,
That made a Woman of a Mare.

(g) *Teſtor chara deos, & te germana, tuumque*
Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes.
(h) *Tu ſecreta pyram tecto interiore ſub auras*
Erige: ——————

(i) Then

(i) Then take me out *Æneas* rayment,
All I have left in part of payment:
His greaſie Doublet and his Trowſes,
Where many a wandring *Trojan* Louſe is:
The Treaſure he has left behind him.
In the great ſtanding Preſs you'l find 'um:
Stuff me 'um up with Straw or Litter,
The worſe the ſtuffing is, the fitter:
And ram the tatters with a vengeance,
As people uſe to ram their Engines:
Make haſte and do as I have bid ye;
I'll hang the Raſcal in Effigie:
So I'm adviſ'd to do, and ſo
(k) I mean to ſerve him, if I blow;
Which, though I cannot wreak my teen, it
Will ſtay the ſtomach of my Spleen yet. (lour,
(l) Thus having ſaid, the Queen chang'd co-
No Ghoſt could e'r look pitifuller.
One would have thought by her dejection,
And by her woful wan complection,
She had been going juſt o'th' ſudden,
To drop and give the Crow a pudding.

——(i) *Et arma viri, thalamo quæ fixa reliquit*
Impius, exuviaſque omnes, lectumque jugalem,
Quo perii, ſuperimponas: ——
——(k) *Abolere nefandi*
Cuncta viri monumenta jubet monſtratque ſacerdos.
(l) *Hæc effata ſilet; pallor ſimul occupat ora.*

(m) *Nancy*, (although ſhe ſaw the Queen
Ready to burſt her hoops for teen)
And well enough mark'd how ſhe look'd too,
Yet by her fine pretence was rook'd ſo,
She did no further on't conſider,
(n) But went about what ſhe had bid her;
Dreaming no more then her laſt Even,
Dido had been ſo lewdly given.
Away therefore my Laſs does trot,
And preſently an Halter got,
Made of the beſt ſtrong Hempen Teer,
And e'r a Cat could lick her ear,
Had tide it up with as much art,
As *Don* himſelf could do for's heart:
The rope, and ſay 'twas got o'th' ſudden,
Did prove ſo prime a ſpecial good one,
That with a fair uſage it might come,
To hang up *Carthage* all and ſome.
The *Trojans* Doublet ſhe had fill'd ſo,
'Twas very ſtrange the Buttons held ſo;
And that the cramming of his Breeches,
Had not quite broken out the ſtitches:
His very ſtockings, though they were,
About the feet, out of repair;
Yet ſhe made ſh'ift to ſtuff each ſtart-up,
And tie 'um to the reſt on's Wardope:

(m) *Non tamen* Anna *novis prætexere funera ſacris*
Germanam credit: nec tantos mente furores
Concipit, aut graviora timet.———
(n) *Ergo juſſa parat*———

Having

Having thus brac'd him like a Drum,
She laid him out in *Dido*'s room;
(e) Diſplay'd upon a fair long Board,
Ready when *Dido* gave the word,
To be advanc'd into the Halter,
Without the benefit on's Pſalter.
Scarce had ſhe thus diſpos'd her trinckums,
When up the Stairs, behold the Queen comes,
(p) Lading along th'old rotten Grammer,
Into her Highneſs matted Chamber.
When ſhe was come, and ſaw the portly
Trophy in that moſt noble ſort lye,
As ſhe oft-times had ſeen the Sinner
Lie gorg'd on Benches after Dinner:
She fell again into a paſſion,
Caus'd by a ſweet Commemoration
Of paſt delights, ſeeing thoſe Breeches,
And humbly the old Gib beſeeches,
To ſhew her utmoſt skill and cunning,
To keep her *Trojan* dear from running.
The nimble Witch bad her not fear,
But reſt content, and be of good chear,
And ſhe ſhould ſee ſhe'd make him ſtay,
Or foul her Art ſhould ſay her nay.
(q) With that the Hag began her charm,
You would have thought ſhe'd had a ſwarm

(o) *Exuvias, enſemq; relictum,*
Effigiemq; toro locat,
(p) *Stant aræ circum, & crines effuſa ſacerdos.*
(q) *Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Erebumque, Chaoſque,*
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.

Of Waſps or Hornets in her Throat,
There came ſo ſtrange a humming out:
And as ſhe ſpoke, her hollow chaps,
Bound up in two thin ſhrivell'd flaps
Of old abominable Leather,
Like Bellows heav'd and clapt together.
Her little eyes being fiery red,
Were ſunk ſo far into her head,
They lookt, when moſt ſhe ſtar'd at full,
Like farthing Candles in a Scull.
Her Noſe hung like an Arch between
Her wrinkled Forehead and her Chin.
A craggy paſſage, and uncouth,
Over the dreadful gulf her Mouth,
And Elf-locks hung ſo, on each ſhoulder,
'Twould make one tremble to behold her.
This Witch a ribble row rehearſes,
Of ſcurvy names in ſcurvy Verſes,
Which by the manner of her mouthing;
Was certainly *Burleſq*; or nothing.
And in theſe rhythms as round ſhe limps,
Calls her Familiars and her Imps,
(r) Sprinkling the Chamber in her motion
With a tepid brackiſh lotion,
For ought I know, of her own making,
By her much ſtirring, and pains taking.
(ſ) A red-heart breaker next ſhe mow'd off,
A Wart that *Dido* was full proud of,

(r) *Sparſera', & latices ſimulatos fontis Averni:*
(ſ) *Quærit ut & naſcentis equi de fronte revulſus*
Et matri præreptus amor. ——— ———

And

And burnt it for a ſtrong perfume,
And pow'rful Spell to make him come.
Then hand in hand to dance they fall,
A grave and ſolemn Magick brawl,
In ſuch hard figures none could tread 'um,
But the old hobling Hag that led 'um.
Poor *Dido* too alaſs! made one,
Although her dancing dayes were done:
And though oppreſt with woe, and care, cut
Capers, and Tricotee'd it (t) barefoot;
(u) Imploring all the Deities,
At every ſtep, both he's and ſhe's,
To turn *Æneas* back, and make him
Follow the work he'd undertaken;
Or if he would not turn, t'afford
The grace to turn him over-board.
Thus to her footing the poor Jade,
Out of all meaſure curſt and pray'd.
Againſt her Love had ſo offended,
Till dance and charm together ended.
(x) 'Twas now the time when Candles are
Repriev'd by the Extinguiſher;

(t) *Unum exuta pedem vinclis* ——
Teſtatúrq; Deos ——
—— (u) *Tum ſi quod non æquo fœdere amantes*
Curæ numen habet, juſtumque memorque precatur.
(x) *Nox erat, & placidum carpebant feſſa ſoporem*
Corpora per terras, ſilvæque & ſæva quierant
Æquora ——
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aſpera dumis
Rura tenent, ſomno poſitæ ſub nocte ſilenti
Lenibant curas. ——

When every thing to ſleep down lies,
Dogs in their Kennels, Hogs in Sties;
And Men and Women reſt their heads
And heels, on Flocks, or Feather-beds.
Now Men, and Fiſhes, Birds, and Beaſt,
And every thing was laid to reſt;
(y) All but the woful Queen (alaſs!)
Who now was brought unto that paſs,
What with her love, and what with ſpight,
She could not ſleep one wink all night.
Her ſtomach now was piping hot,
(z) It boyl'd and bubbled like a Pot,
And did ſo ſtrong a wambling keep,
She fitter was to ſpew then ſleep.
Have you not ſeen an Animal
Yclep't an Horſe when in his Stall,
The Botts, that terrible diſeaſe,
Doth on his tender bowels ſeize,
What groans he fetches, and what pranks
He rowling playes upon the planks:
So *Dido* croſt in her amours,
Tumbled away her ſleeping hours.
Now on her back and in ſuch faſhion,
As if ſhe lay for conſolation;
Now on her belly, now her ſide,
All poſtures, and all wayes ſhe try'd;

(y) *At non infelix animi Phœniſſa: nec unquam*
Solvitur in ſomnos; oculiſque aut pectore noctem
Accipit: ——
—— (z) *Magnoque irarum fluctuat æſtu.*

But

But all in vain, nothing would do,
(a) Her heart was ſo oppreſt with wo,
And love within her did ſo rumble,
She could do nought but toſs, and tumble,
At laſt in midſt of agitation,
(b) She thus brake out into a paſſion;
Which way poor *Dido* ſhould thou turn thee
Whileſt cruel love, does thus heart-burn thee,
Thou haſt of hope not one poor ſpark left,
Th'aſt brought thy Hogs to a fair Market.
Not one poor dram of Conſolation,
O Woman vile in deſperation!
What ſhall I do in this condition,
To keep me from the Worlds deriſion?
(c) Shall I invite to be my ſpouſe,
Some one I have forbid my houſe?
Some ſaucie, proud *New-Indian* Jack,
And humbly beg of him to take
(d) *Æneas* leavings, or like Trull here,
Run away baſely with this Sculler.

(a) *Ingeminant curæ, rurſuſque reſurgens*
Sævit amor.
(b) *Sic adeo inſiſtit, ſecumq; ita corde volutat,*
En quid agam?
(c) *Rurſuſne procos irriſa priores*
Experiar? Nomadumque petam connubia ſupplex,
Quos ego ſum toties jam dedignata maritos?
(d) *Iliacas igitur claſſes atque ultima Teucrum*
Juſſa ſequar?
Sola fugâ nautas comitabor ovantes;

(e) Or ſhall I raiſe the Town in ſwarms,
And bring him back by force of Arms!
Alaſs, I fear it is no boot!
Foul means will never bring him to't,
(f) No, no, I'll die! this Halter yet,
When all Trades fail, ſhall do the feat.
(g) Ah, Siſter, ſiſter! hadſt not thou,
Play'd Miſtriſs *Quicklies* Office ſo,
And ſooth'd me up till I grew jolly,
I never had committed folly:
No, had I made the leaſt reſiſtance,
And kept the ſaucie Knave at diſtance,
I might have us'd him as my liſt,
And ne'r been brought to had I wiſt.
(h) Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,
Nan, Fortune, and her Lover rating.
(i) Whileſt he Drum-ful with his Potation,
Ne'r dreaming on the doleful paſſion,
He had moſt vilely left his drab in,
Lay drunk and ſnoring in his Cabbin.

(e) *An Tyriis omnique manu ſtipata meorum*
Inſequar? ——— ———
(f) *Quin morere, ut merita es: ferroq; averte dolorem.*
——— ———(g) *Tu prima furentem*
His germana malis oneras, ——— ———
(h) *Tantos illa ſuo rumpebat pectore quæſtus.*
(i) *Æneas celſa in puppi* ——— ——— ———
Cærpebat ſomnos ——— ——— ——— ———

(k) But

(k) But *Merc'ry* though he slept profoundly,
(l) Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly,
And thus 'gan rattle him: Thou lousie,
Mangie, careless, drunken, drowsie
Coxcomb; how oft must I be sent
Hither from *Jove* to complement
Your worship to a reverent care
Of the young Bastard here, your heir?
Whilest fast thou ly'st tipled, or tipling;
Nor car'st what danger the poor stripling
Lies open to. (m) Y'ad best snore on,
Some body will be here anon:
Take to'ther nap, Do, till the Queen come,
She'l reckon with you for your in-come.
She'l rowse ye faith! And (Goodman Letcher)
'Tis ten to one, with a good Stretcher
About your ears: Therefore my loving
Acquaintance, you were best be (n) moving.
Upon my word th' advice is wholsom,
Stay not until that angry soul come:

(k) *Huic se forma Dei———*
Obtulit in somnis———
Omnia Mercurio similis———
———(l) rursusque ita visa monere est.
Nate Dea———
———(m) potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos?
Nec quæ circumstent te deinde pericula cernis
Demens?———
Illa dolos———in pectore versat.
(n) *Non fugis hinc præceps dum præcipitare potestas?*
Eia age, rumpe, moras.———

For

For if thou doſt, mark what I ſay,
And be'ſt not gone before't be day,
(o) If *Carthage* been't about your ears
As ſoon as ever day appears,
And do not thraſh you back and ſide,
Far worſe then *Agamemnon* did,
Thoſe of your Woman-ſtealing rabble.
Give me but ſix pence, if thou'rt able,
And here's my hand, I do not ſport,
I'll give thee twenty ſhillings for't.
(p) Thus having ſaid, away he flies,
E'r Toſs-pot could unglew his eyes,
Which were ſo cemented in that caſe,
The Page was got as far as *Atlas*,
Back on his way e'r he could free 'um,
From gowl and matter fit to ſee him:
But having ſtreakt and yawn'd a while,
Snorted, and kept the uſual coil
That Drunkards uſe in ſuch like caſes,
And made ſome dozen Devils faces:
At laſt he got his eyes unglew'd
Into a pretty magnitude.
He ſtar'd about to ſpie the Viſion
Had giv'n that courteous admonition:
But 'twas ſo dark, as well it might,
Being 'twixt twelve and one at night;

(o) *Jam mare turbari trabibus, ſævaſque videbis*
Collucere faces, &c.———
Si te his attigerit terris aurora morantem.
———(p) *Sic fatus nocti ſe immiſcuit atræ.*

That

That had the nimble Currier
In kindneſs ſtaid his leiſure there,
Though clad in *Fallſtaffs Kendal Green*,
He could not poſſibly be ſeen.
(q) *Æneas* troubled herewithal,
Seeing he could not ſee at all,
Starts from the tilt where he had lain,
And calls upon his Mates amain.
(r) Riſe Sirs (quoth he) and look about ye,
(ſ) I've had from *Jove* another how d'ye,
His man was here, and calls to go ſtill,
His ſweaty pumps are in my noſe ſtill.
He ſwears and offer'd to lay odds on't,
And if he ſay't, I'll lay my ——— on't.
That if we do not leave the Dock,
And get us hence by four a Clock,
We ſhall be murther'd if we were
Ten times as many as we are.
Therefore I think it not amiſs for's
To lanch, for there are rods in piſs for's.
Let us but ply our Oars like tall men,
Till we be got clear out of all ken.
Then if they have a mind to lace us,
Let *Carthage* if they can come trace us.

(q) *Tum vero Æneas ſubitis exterritus umbris*
Corripit è ſomno corpus, ſocioſq; fatigat.
(r) *Præcipites vigilate viri,* ———
——— (ſ) *Deus æthere miſſus ab alto,*
Feſtinare fugam, tortóſque incidere funes
Ecce iterum ſtimulat: ———

(t) And

(t) And thou (O *Jove*, top of my kin!)
Who hitherto ſo kind haſt been,
(u) If now thou ſtick, and do not fail's,
Let *Dido* whiſtle in our tails.
Thus having ſpoken, and thus pray'd,
(x) Forthwith he drew his doughty blade,
And at one ſlaſh, to all mens wonder,
Cut the Boats triple Cord aſunder.
(y) At which the Gang, ſpur'd by ſo ample,
So mighty and renown'd example,
Cut all the reſt; nor ſtaying Brooks,
But let the Devil take the hooks,
And ſhipping Oars, to work they fall,
Like men that row'd for good and all.
Had it been day, no doubt one might
Have then beheld a gallant ſight.
Neptune's great Whiskers had not been
So neatly (z) bruſht as they were then
Of many a year: Crabs that did neſt
Full deep therein, could take no reſt:

(t) *Sequimur te ſancte, deorum*
Quiſquis es.
(u) *Adſis, ô placidúſq; juves & ſydera cœlo*
Dextra feras!
(x) *Dixit, vaginâq; eripit enſem*
Fulmineum, ſtrictoque ferit retinacula ferro.
(y) *Idem omnes ſimul ardor habet*
rapiuntq; ruuntq;,
Littora deſeruere
(z) *& cœrula verrunt:*

(a) They

(a) They lather'd him in the great Baſon,
So admirably well, that *Jaſon*,
Although he ſhav'd the golden fleece,
Ne'r waſht him half ſo well as theſe.
(b) *Aurora* now, who I muſt tell ye,
Was gript with dolours in her belly,
Starts from her Couch, and o'r her head
Slipping on petticoat of red,
Forth of the morning doors ſhe goes,
In haſty wiſe, to pluck a Roſe;
When *Dido*, who was broad awake,
Hearing the ruſty hinges creak,
Ran to her (c) peeping hole to ſpie,
What was become o'th' *Trojanry*.
But out alaſs! (d) The Devil a ſail
Was left i'th' Port; bare as my nail
The Dock was ſtript; whileſt far from ſhore
They row'd as they ne'r row'd before.
At which ſad ſight, in wrath (God bleſs us!)
(o) Tearing her dainty yellow Treſſes,
She ſighing ſaid, Was ever ſeen
So pitiful an undone Queen!
And ſhall this filthy *Trojan* Royſter
Undo, as one would do an Oyſter,

(a) *Adnixi torquent ſpumas.*———
(b) *Et jam prima novo ſpargebat lumine terras*
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora *cubile.*
(c) *Regina è ſpeculis ut primum albeſcere lucem.*
(d) *Vidit & æquatis claſſem procedere velis,*
Littoraq; & vacuos ſenſit ſine remige portus.
(e) *Flaventeſq; abſciſſa comas; Proh!* Jupiter! *ibit*
Hic ait, & noſtris illuſerit advena regnis?

Poor

Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,
Maugre what I can do or ſay!
Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave
Bounces, and vaults from wave to wave,
As he were making Ducks and Drakes,
With Wherries upon Neptunes lakes!
The Devil ſure farts in his poop,
And puffs his kicking Sculler up;
Or elſe ſome durty Suburb drab
Has helpt the Raſcal to a clap,
And ſent a running Nag to Sea,
He could not elſe make ſo much way.
(f) Cannot I burn, nor ſink their floats,
A louſie Fleet of rotten Boats!
Yes, I'm a Queen, to ſee my people;
Let none remember he's a Cripple:
But run and row, ſound, and unſound,
And thoſe you kill not, bring home bound!
(g) But tarry goody Magiſtrate,
Your big commands come now too late.
Poor *Dido*, ſorrow makes thee giddy,
They'r got to Sea five Leagues already.
(h) Queen thou art mortal, and muſt die
A ſacrifice to Letchery.

(f) *Non arma expedient? totaq; ex urbe ſequentur?*
——————————*ite;*
Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.
(g) *Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? quæ mentem inſania mutat?*
Infelix Dido! ——————
——————(h) *Nunc te facta impia tangunt;*
Tum decuit, cum ſceptra dabas. ——————

Time

Time was thou mightſt have ſomething done,
But now farewel Dominion.
(i) This was your huffing *Trojan* Captain,
That his fair Mothers ſmock was lapt in.
Of twenty *Greeks*, this was the *Cob*,
And brought his Gods away in's Phob,
And through the fire a pick a pack,
Bore the old ſinner on his back,
Bed-rid *Anchiſes*; this was he
Made the brave voyage o'r the Sea.
This was your truſty *Trojan*, this:
Now he ſhews what a man he is!
(k) Whilſt he was here, why did I not
Cut the falſe Rogues devouring throat;
(l) Or of his Baſtard make a Pye,
And being bak'd in paſte of Rye,
(m) Make the good Trencher-man his naſty
Sire, eat his Brat for Mutton Paſty!
Why did I not, e'r this diſgrace,
Kill him, and all his treacherous (n) race?

——————(i) *En dextra fides?*
Quem ſecum patrios aiunt portare Penates,
Quem ſubiiſſe humeris confectum ætate parentem.
(k) *Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, & undis*
Spargere? ——————
——————(l) *Non ipſum abſumere ferro*
Aſcanium, ——————
——————(m) *Patriiſque epulandum apponere menſis?*
——————(n) *Natumque patremque*
Cum genere extinxem; memet ſuper ipſa dediſſem.

I then had dy'd reveng'd, where I
Shall now depart moſt ſneakingly.
(o) Thou *Sol* who didſt in pimping ſort,
Becauſe thou wouldſt not ſpoil our ſport,
Creep into Clouds, that rainy weather:
And you that brought young Folks together,
(p) Procureſs *Juno*, *Jove* and all
Ye members of *Olympus* Hall,
I charge ye, as y'are Folks of faſhion,
Grant this my lateſt (q) ſupplication.
If nothing can this Rogue withſtand,
But that he muſt get ſafe to (r) Land,
Let it be ſuch a Land as he
Had better far upon the Sea,
With all his Com-rogues have been drown'd,
Than ſuch a wretched place have found.
May he, where he expects his Leaſes,
Ne'r know what ſuch a thing as Peace is;
(s) But be drub'd daily back and ſide
Till his bones rattle in his hide.
May he ne'r ſleep an hour in quiet,
But be diſturb'd with rout and riot;

(o) *Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia luſtras;*
(p) *Tuq; harum interpres curarum, & conſcia* Juno,
Nocturniſq; Hecate ——— ———
Et diræ ultrices, &c. ——— ———
——— ——— (q) *Noſtras audite preces* ———
——— (r) *Si tangere portus*
Iſandum caput, ac terris adnare neceſſe eſt.
——— (s) *Bello audacis populi vexatus, & armis,*
Finibus extorris ——— ———

Black

Black be his dayes, and may his nights
Swarm with Hob-Goblins, Ghosts, and Sprights,
May Strangers daunt him with Bravado's,
(t) And Spirits son to the *Barbado's*:
May he at last fall worse then Sea-sick,
And find no Quack to give him Physick:
(u) No help for money, or for love found,
But let him lie and rot above ground.
May none give house-room to the Mungril;
But let him perish on some (x) Dunghil.
And when his treach'rous soul's departed,
Let his foul Carkass be deserted,
As Traitours Quarters men expose,
To Hogs and Dogs, and Kites and Crows.
(y) This my last pray'r is, hear it then,
I shall ne'r trouble you again.
And be't your care, ye *Tyrian* (z) Nation,
To plague this wicked Generation.
Kill 'um like Rats, that I may have
Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o'r my grave:

——— (t) *Complexu avulsus* Iûli,
(u) *Auxilium imploret* ——— ———
——— (x) *Videatque suorum*
Funera ——— ———
——— *Mediaque inhumatus arena.*
(y) *Hæc precor; hanc vocem extremam* ——— *fundo.*
(z) *Tum vos ô* Tyrii, *stirpem & genus omne futurum*
Exercete odiis, cinerique hæc mittite nostro
Munera ——— ———

(a) And may thoſe children that are yet
To bear, and thoſe that are to get,
Torment them ſtill by Land and Water,
And ſtill may thoſe that follow after,
Hate worſe and worſe, that ſo it fall,
The laſt may hate them worſt of all.
(b) This ſaid, ſhe let a groan, and ſigh'd
A doleful ſigh, that propheſi'd
He thred was ſpun, and that the *Parcæ*
Would ſhortly cut it without mercy.
(c) In mind ſhe weigh'd, as ſhe ſat crying,
What kind of Death was beſt to die in.
Poyſon ſhe thought would not be quick,
And which was worſe, would make her ſick.
That being therefore wav'd, ſhe thought,
That neatly cutting her own throat,
Might ſerve to do her buſineſs for her,
But that ſhe thought upon with horrour,
Becauſe 'twould hurt her; neither could
She well endure to ſee her bloud.
The next came in her thoughts was drowning,
That way ſhe thought 'twould be a done thing,
Soon, and with ſome delight; for why
Sorrow had made her Grace adry.

(a) *Pugnent ipſiq; nepotes;*
Exoriare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor.
Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera ſunto.
(b) *Hæc ait*
(c) *Et partes animum verſabat in omnes,*
Inviſam quæreus quamprimum abrumpere lucem.

But

But then again ſhe fell a thinking,
She ſhould be ſomewhat long a ſinking,
Having been ever light of members,
And to diſſwade her more, remembers,
'Twould ſpoyl the cloaths might do ſome one
Credit, when ſhe was dead and gone.
On theſe mature deliberations,
Shee lik'd none of theſe dying faſhions:
But looking up and ſeeing the Rope
Ty'd to the beam i'th' Chamber top,
With neat alluring Nooſe, her ſick-Grace
E'n long'd to wear it for a Neck-lace:
And in that Circle in concluſion,
She prick'd the point of reſolution.
(d) But an old Woman being by her,
One of her Chattels brought from *Tyre*,
An ancient Heir-loom to the Queen,
'Cauſe ſhe her husbands Nurſe had been:
She meant to ſend her firſt away,
On ſleeveleſs errand (as we ſay)
That ſhe might have her ſwing alone,
To do her Execution.
(e) *Cicely* (quoth ſhe) go to my Siſter,
Bid her tie up her head, and wiſh her
To waſh her hands in Bran or Flower,
And do you in like manner ſcoure

(d) *Tum breviter* Barcen *nutricem affata Sichæi.*
(e) Annam *chara mihi nutrix huc ſiſte ſororem:*
Dic corpus properet fluviali ſpargere lymphâ,
——— *Tuque ipſa piâ tege tempora vittâ.*

Your dirty Golls; for I intend to
Make a good Cheeſe, and for a friend too,
O'th' Mornings Milk; let it be her care
To take the great Braſs Pan i'th' Larder,
And ſile the Milk into't: and hear ye,
Take you the large Cheeſe-Fat i'th Dairy,
And ſcoure it clean with Sand; bid *Jone* too
Get on the Pot, that ſhe may come too,
And when the Cheeſe is come, but brake it,
And call: for I'll come help to make it.
(f) The hobling Trot limps down the Stairs,
And now the deſp'rate Queen prepares;
(g) Although her woful heart did pantle,
To make her ſelf a ſad example.
(h) Towards the fatal ſtring ſhe moves
With tardy pace, as it behoves
Thoſe who by *Nicholas* led aſtray,
Wilfully make themſelves away.
When ſhe came underneath the Halter,
The colour in her face did alter;
Whilſt down her cheeks round liquor rowls,
As if her eyes had been at Bowls.
Firſt ſhe beholds with trickling eyes,
(i) *Æneas* his moſt dear diſguiſe:

(f) *Illa gradum ſtudio celerabat anili.*
(g) *Et trepida —— & pallida morte futura.*
(h) *Interiora domus irrumpit limina, & altos*
Conſcendit furibunda rogos —— ——
—— Pauſum lacrymis & mente morata.
(i) *Hic poſtquam Iliacas veſtes, notumq; cubile*
Conſpexit, ——

And

And as the Trowſes ſhe ſurvey'd,
Reflecting how ſhe'ad been betray'd:
Sighing, cry'd out, (k) Oh! thou who wert
The joy and comfort of my heart,
Whilſt casket to my deareſt Jewel;
But ſince the Fates have been ſo cruel,
My grief and ſhame, farewel for ever;
And here I propheſie that never,
Whoever may hereafter wear thee,
Shall mortall *Bilbo* e'r come near thee.
Farewel, my lateſt leave I take,
And kiſs the Caſe for Ho-boys ſake.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe mounts the Table,
Becauſe though tall, ſhe was not able
To reach the Halter, that muſt tie
Her faſt to doleful deſtinie:
And having, like too apt a Scholler,
Thruſt her plump neck into the coller,
As 'tis, you know, the hanging faſhion,
She thus began her laſt Oration:
(l) That I have liv'd (quoth ſhe) and how,
I doubt (alaſs!) too many know;
But that I now will die, is known
To no one but my ſelf alone,
And if I Natures debt do pay,
And hang my ſelf before my day,
The cenſuring World can ſay but this,
That I'm the better Pay-miſtriſs:

(k) *Dulces exuviæ, dum fata, Deuſq; ſinebant.*
——Dixitque noviſſima verba.
(l) *VIXI, & quem dederat curſum fortuna, peregi.*

And though I die a death they ſay,
Makes ſufferers themſelves bewray
And die uncleanly corps; yet I
Shall leave, although I purging die,
And go out ſtrong as Candle-ſnuff,
A fame ſhall ſavour ſweet enough.
(m) For murther'd Spouſe I've made amends yet
As far as ſtealing could revenge it,
And make *Pygmalion* that undid us,
Pay ſauce for making people Widows.
And at my proper coſt and charges,
A Village built, which for its largeneſs,
(n) In a few years, might well have grown
To be a pretty Market-Town,
Had not this *Trojan* Varlet come
T'undo what all my care had done.
Then (going to turn off) (o) But muſt
I go (quoth ſhe) and is it juſt,
I die like Felon vile, or Traitor?
Sans vengeance on this Fornicator.
(p) And whilſt the Stallion proudly ſtalks it,
Muſt I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?
Yes die, as 'twas foretold thee long ſince,
If but to trouble the Knaves conſcience:

(m) *Urbem præclaram ſtatui, mea mœnia vidi;*
ulta virum, pœnas inimico à fratre recepi.
(n) *Felix, heu nimium felix, ſi littora tantum*
Nunquam Dardanix *tetigiſſent noſtra carinæ!*
(o) *Sed moriamur ait; ſic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.*
(p) *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto*
Dardanus, & noſtræ ſecum ferat omnia mortis.

Then

Then 'cauſe ſhe would to part the ſweeter,
A portion of *Hopkins* metre;
As people uſe at Execution,
For the *decorum* of concluſion,
Being too ſad to ſing, ſhe ſayes,
O [redacted] Conſider my Diſtreſs
Which with a grace like his that pen'd it,
To her great comfort, being ended,
And ceremonies now compleat,
Proceeding to the final feat;
Thus, thus, (quoth ſhe) to ſhades of night
I go, and thus I take my flight.
(q) With that ſhe from the Table ſwong,
And happy 'twas the Rope was ſtrong
Enough, in ſuch a ſwing to ſtop her,
Her Grace might elſe have broke her crupper.
(r) So have I ſeen in Forreſt tall,
From friendly cup the Acorn fall,
And Bully tumble from the Tree,
As ripe for hanging; Down fell ſhe.
She caper'd twice or thrice moſt finely;
But th' Rope imbrac'd her neck ſo kindly:
Till at the laſt, in mortal trance,
She did conclude the diſmal dance.
A yellow aromatick matter
Dropt from her heels, commixt with water,

(q) *Dixerat; atque illam media inter talia.*——
(r) *Non aliter quam ſi immiſſis ruat hoſtibus omnis*
Carthago——

Which ſinking through the Chamber-floor,
(s) Set all the houſe in ſad uproar.
All at the firſt that they amiſs thought,
Was that her Grace had miſt the piſs-pot:
But when the ſtairs they had aſcended,
And ſaw her Majeſty ſuſpended,
The ſervants frighted paſt their ſenſes,
Tumbled o'r Buffets, Forms, and Benches,
And ran to all the near abidings,
With open cry to tell the tidings.
(t) Even like unto the diſmal yowl,
When triſtful Dogs at midnight howl:
Or like the Dirges that through noſe
Humm out to daunt their *Pagan* Foes,
When holy Round-heads go to Battle,
With ſuch a yell did *Carthage* rattle.
(u) At the firſt news poor *Nancy* ſkreeks,
And tearing hair, and ſcratching cheeks,
Ran up the ſtairs, and like a fell-ſhrow,
Made all that ſtopt her, feel her elbow:
Till having joſtled all oppoſers,
And thruſt ſome twenty on their noſes;

(s) *It clamor ad alta*
Atria; concuſſam bacchatur fama per urbem.
(t) *Lamentis, gemitu, & fœmineo ululatu*
Tecta fremunt, reſonat magnis plangoribus æther:
Non aliter quam ſi, &c.
(u) *Audiit exanimis, trepidoq; exterrita curſu,*
unguibus ora ſoror fœdans, & pectora pugnis,
Per medios ruit.

At laſt the place ſhe ſet her feet on,
Where *Dido* hung to dry, or ſweeten.
(x) Was it for this, ah, ſiſter, ſiſter,
That I was ſent to Gaffer *Twiſter*
To buy a Rope! (y) was this (quoth ſhe)
Your fine device to couzen me!
Could none a Halter elſe prepare ye,
But I muſt be made acceſſary!
Why knew I not thy dire intent, as
I ſtill thy chiefeſt confident was!
(z) What didſt thou know, but kindly I,
Might e'n have hang'd for Company:
But in thy ruine, I and all
Thy people ſuffer, great and ſmall.
And in this wilful woman-ſlaughter,
(a) Th'aſt hang'd up *Carthage* ſon and daughter.
(b) But ſtay, methinks I am not haſty,
To cloſe thoſe eyes that ſtare ſo gaſtly.
(c) Which ſaid, her buttocks on the board
She ſoſs'd, that all the Chamber roar'd.

(x) *Hoc illud germana fuit?* ——
—— —— (y) *Me fraude petebas?*
Hoc rogus iſte mihi, hoc ignes æræq; parabant?
—— —— (z) *Comitémne ſororem*
Spreviſti moriens? eadem me ad fata vocaſſes:
Idem ambas ferro dolor, &c. —— ——
(a) *Extinxti te, meque, ſoror, populumque, patreſque*
Sidonios, urbemque tuam; date vulnera lymphis,
(b) *Abluam* —— ——
—— —— (c) *Sic fata, gradus evaſerat altos,*

And

And being active Lass and light,
At one jump more stood bolt upright.
(d) Thrice in her arms did *Nancy* catch her,
Thrice thumpt her bosome to dispatch her.
And thrice her lateſt breath did roar,
In hollow ſound, at poſtern-door.
(e) Then *Juno* who had ever been
As 'twere, ſworn ſiſter to the Queen:
Hearing the lamentable cries,
That from her Village pierc'd the skies;
Down towards *Carthage* bent her looks,
Where ſeeing all things off the hooks,
And *Dido* in unſeemly ſort,
Hang dangling there, being ſorry for't,
(f) And loth a Queen in hempen tackle,
Should to *Plebeians* be ſpectacle;
She call'd a little Emiſſary,
That us'd her Embaſſies to carry,
One Miſtriſs *Iris*: a main pretty
Nimble Houſe-wife, yes, and a witty,
One that if bidden once, would do't,
And had the length of *Juno*'s foot
So right, that for her parts and feature,
She was become her Miſtreſs creature.

(d) *Semianimemq; ſinu germanam amplexa fovebat*
Cum gemitu, &c.——————
Ter ſeſe attollens——————
Ter revoluta toro eſt——————
(e) *Tum* Juno——————
——————(f) *longum miſerata dolorem.*

This

This Girl was born (as Poets hint to's,)
At a ſmall Hamlet near *Olympus.*
And though by birth a Dyers daughter,
Yet had her friends full well up-brought her,
And becauſe *Juno* gave great Wages,
Preferr'd her thither for a Pageſs.
Her *Juno* call'd away from ſtarching,
And big with Tears, bid her be marching,
(g) Put on her wings, and ſwiftly clip it,
To cut down *Dido* from the Gibbet.
Iris when young, had learn'd to fly
(As youth is full of waggery)
Of a tame Jack-daw that ſhe had,
And for her journeys, lately made
Fine party-colour'd Wings to fly in,
No worſe then of her Fathers Dying;
Who knowing that his Daughter was
To be preferr'd to ſuch a place,
And what ſhe muſt b' imploy'd about,
Had ſpar'd no coſt to ſet her out.
(h) At the command of Heavens Goddeſs,
She ties theſe Wings faſt to her Bodice,
Which waving, did adorn the Skie,
With all the fair variety
Of colours that the Rain-bow ſhows,
When clad in her moſt gawdy cloths.

——— (g) Irim *demiſit* Olympo,
Quæ luctantem animam nexoſq; reſolveret artus.
(h) *Ergo* Iris *croceis per cœlum roſcida pennis,*
Mille trahens varios adverſo ſole colores,
Devolat. ———

Full

Full ſwift ſhe flew, till coming near
Carthage, ſhe made a Cancelleer,
And then a ſtoop, when having ſpy'd
Queen *Dido's* window ſtaring wide;
(Set open you may well preſume,
(As there was cauſe) to air the room,)
She nimbly, to all Folks amazement,
Whips, like a Swallow through the Cazement.
(i) O'r *Dido's* head ſhe took her ſtand,
And cry'd, whilſt flouriſhing a brand,
Sent down from *Juno* Queen come I,
Epilogue to this Tragœdy.
And thus, O *Dido*, let thee looſe,
From twitch of ſuffocating nooſe:
(k) Which ſaid, and toſſing high her Blade
With great dexterity, the Maid
(l) O wonderful! even at one ſide-blow
Spoyl'd a good Rope, and down dropt *Dido*.

——— (i) *Et ſupra caput aſtitit. Hunc ego Dii Sacrum juſſa fero; teque iſto corpore ſolvo.*
(k) *Sic ait* ——— ———
——— (l) *Et dextra crinem ſecat: omnis & una Dilapſus calor, atque in ventos vita receſſit.*

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